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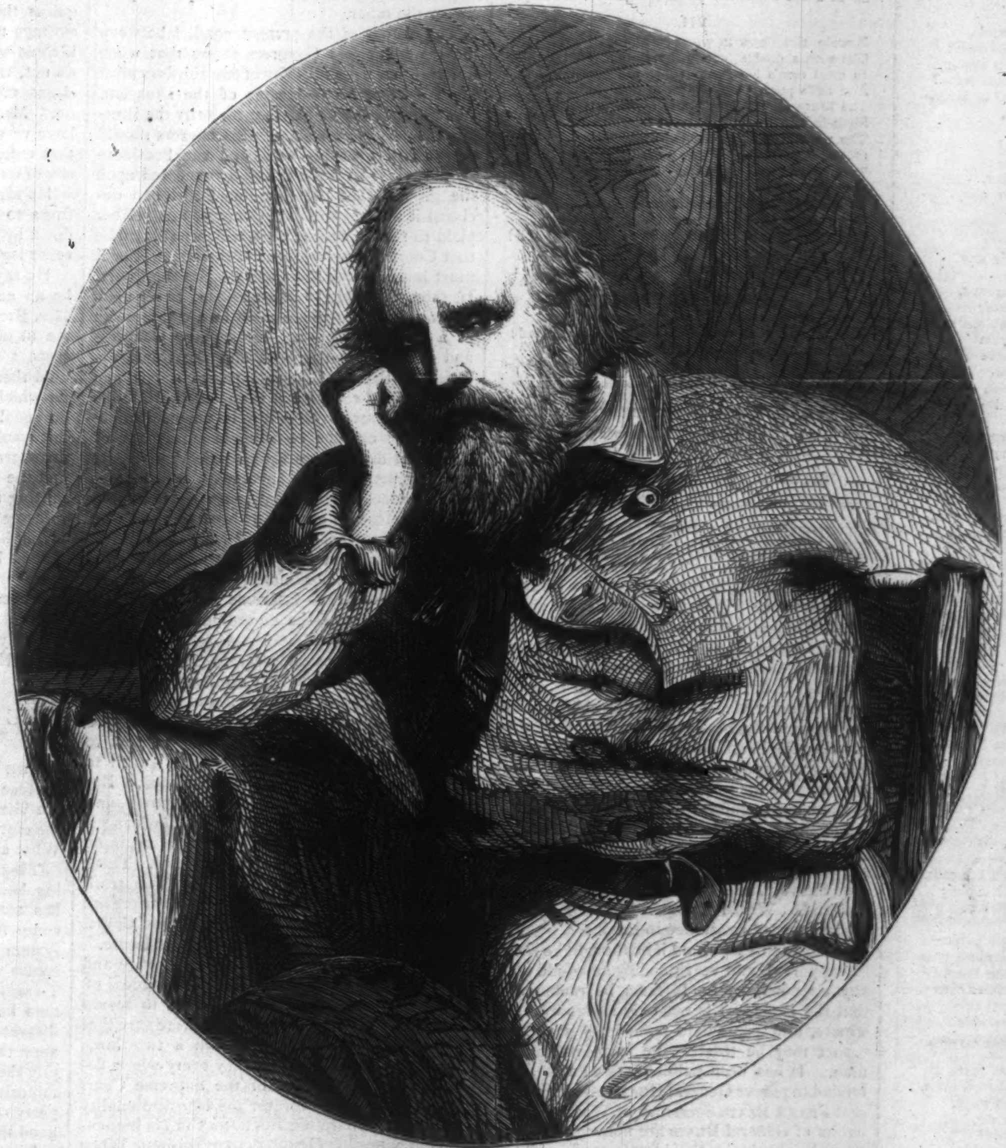
THE ITALIAN UPRISING.

A year ago, when the perfect unity for which Italy had agitated and fought for years appeared to be suddenly attained, French intervention patched up a hasty peace which relieved Italy of the presence of all foreign troops, but which, unfortunately, acknowledged the temporal power of the Pope in Rome, and bound King Victor Emanuel to protect the Papal States from invasion by the party which had elevated him to the throne, and whose rallying cry had always been "Italian unity." At the moment when that unity was practically attained, when Italy, garrisoning the Quadrilateral, was virtually in possession of Rome, Victor Emanuel, either over-politic or false to his party and people, abandoned their cause, and Rome has since been ruled by the Pope. The party which had elevated Victor Emanuel to power naturally murmured at this apparent treachery. Their first protest against the treaty was the election of Garibaldi to Parliament from half the provinces of the kingdom; and the old enthusiastic agitator on taking his seat at once became the leader of the opposition party. In the first session he made strong efforts to annul the treaty of 1866, but in vain; and he and his party have now resorted to more violent action.

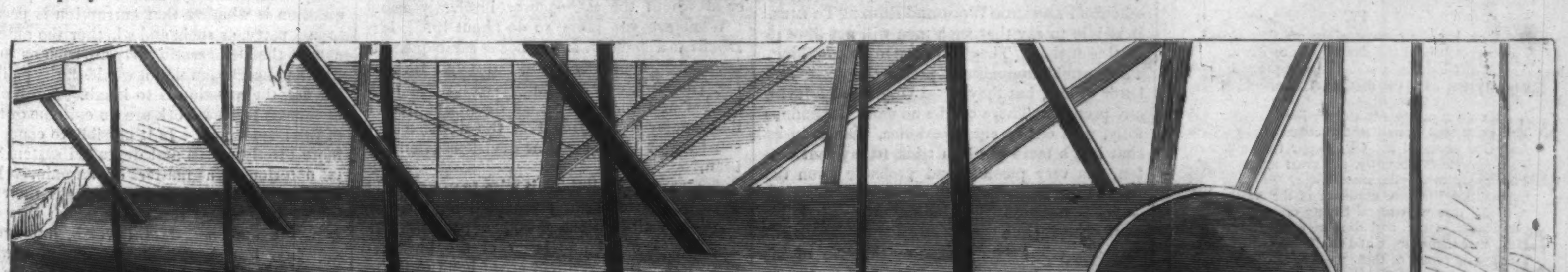
For some months past it has been known that Garibaldi was planning and preparing a descent upon Rome by force of arms in the hands of the volunteers who formerly followed him; and on September 22 he gave the signal for the uprising which Italy and the world are now witnessing. Garibaldi is more enthusiastic than cautious, more principled than politic, and his plans were arranged and his campaign begun with a great deal more of boldness and a great deal less of secrecy than was advisable or necessary. The consequences were that his plans became known; the Pope appealed to France and all Catholic Europe for protection; Napoleon reminded Victor Emanuel of the treaty of 1866, and the Italian monarch had no alternative but to arrest and confine Garibaldi, and thus bring the invasion of the Papal dominions to an abrupt conclusion. The arrest of the leader and the obstruction to the schemes of the "party of action" created a profound sensation in Italy; angry growls and fierce cries were heard from all parts of the kingdom; and Victor Emanuel was glad to release Garibaldi from prison without insisting on his parole and send him to his quiet home in Caprera.



JOSEPH GARIBALDI, THE ITALIAN PATRIOT.

But it seems that the people of the Papal States were deep in the plans of Garibaldi, that they have long been ripe for action, that Garibaldi had at once arranged an invasion and provided for a revolt, and that though the organized invasion has failed the more secretly planned revolt has not. No sooner had the signal been sounded than the subjects of the Pope rose in revolt, and, taking possession of a portion of the Province of Viterbo, awaited the coming of Garibaldi and his volunteers. The leader has not appeared, and is forced to confine himself to words of encouragement published from his guarded home in Caprera; but it is more than probable that many of his men are across the frontier of Viterbo, and were engaged with the insurgents in the first battle with the Papal troops which took place near Baquarea, in Viterbo, on October 3. Under what leadership they are serving does not appear, but the fact that their first engagement was an undisputed victory argues favorably for the early occupation of Rome.

We give on this page a portrait of Garibaldi, who, if not the leader in person, is the inspiring spirit who has roused the enthusiasm and organized the party which demand the unity of the state before all the considerations of religion which in former and less enlightened and less liberal ages controlled all Catholic nations, and particularly the Italian people. Joseph Garibaldi is now sixty years of age; nearly forty of which have been spent in revolutionary efforts to attain the end now speedily promised. He was banished in 1831 for a revolt against Charles Albert of Sardinia; he was condemned to death in 1834 for a like offense but escaped to France; warred in the cause of the Republic of Rio Grande against Brazil in a "man-of-war" of thirty tons and a crew of sixteen men and his wife; in 1847 he fought against the Papacy on the elevation of Pius IX. to the Papal throne, and defended Rome when the French and Austrians captured it; fled to this country in 1850, and



MODEL OF THE PNEUMATIC RAILWAY ON EXHIBITION AT THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE, NEW YORK.—Sketched by Stanley Fox.—[See Page 667.]

was a soap and candle maker on Staten Island until 1854, when he went to England; thence in 1859 to Italy, and began the war which made Victor Emanuel, King of Sardinia, the King of Italy; in 1862 and 1863 he engaged in several futile efforts to expel the Austrians from Venetia and Lombardy, but in vain, the only results being the increased enthusiasm of the people in the cause and his own banishment to Caprera. In 1866, when war was declared against Austria, he was instantly at the head of the Italian volunteers, and with them entered Venice. Since then his efforts have been directed, as stated, to the relief of Rome from Papal rule.

The Death of President Lincoln.

By EDOUARD GRENIER.
Translated by Mrs. Anne C. L. Botta.

[The following poem obtained the prize at the *Concours de Poésie*, opened this year by the French Academy.]

"Dignum et justum est,
Æquum et salutare."

I.

To chant thy dirge in fitting, worthy words,
Our time is toc perturbed, our souls too vain;
Where may we find, O Lincoln, accents strong
Wherewith to paint thy rugged, wondrous traits?
Can our own tongue, nursed at the feet of kings,
On whom it pours unceasing flatteries,
Can it in verse plebeian and robust
Sing the death-song of a great citizen?
Let me essay—thy virtue be my theme;
Inspire me thou with accents worthy her,
In which, without or pomp or splendor vain,
Simplicity shall into grandeur rise.

II.

Ere yet an age had passed the Atlantic saw
The new America born on her shores
Springing to life and growth, the arena vast,
Fruitful and free—free to all human-kind,
Where the old world her swarming millions sent,
And where in Nature's bosom man again
Returned to freedom, as the metal grows
Pure in the crucible. Now striding on
With rapid bounds did the young nation reach
The great Pacific, there to set a bound
To the Colossus of the frozen North,
Who casts his threatening shadow over us,
Whose icy feet tread on three continents.
Thus to despotic power God seemed to say,
"No farther go!" Eternal justice now
Holds its divine balance o'er the globe,
Making this free young land to rise and bloom,
And show the astonished world the spectacle
Of a great State self-governed, self-sustained.
But in her greatness lurked the germ of death,
A deep, devouring canker gnawed her breast;
Slavery most hideou all her laws deformed;
She whose foul chains outrage two souls at once,
Victor and victim bind in one dread bond,
Branding the master deeper than the slave.
The nation saw the curse that grew with time,
Tend onward to its fatal end, and knew
That she must cast it off or perish there;
Then, like a hero, with firm hand and sure
She plucked the iron from her dreadful wound,
And bravely washed away the stain in blood—
Alas! how freely and how pure it flowed!

III.

When Lincoln to the helm of State was called,
America was drifting toward the rocks,
Like a disabled, storm-tossed ship at sea;
The day of dreadful reckoning had come,
The winds of discord whistled through the sails,
And rent the flag of stars; doubt and dismay
Seized on the gallant ship about to plunge
Into the yawning gulf which opened wide.
He came, sad and alone—God his sole guide—
With firm, intrepid gaze saw the dire ill;
Without reproach or fear he seized the helm,
And through four years, four dark, tempestuous years,
Calm in defeat as calm in victory,
He saw at length the fearful storm subside.
The waves retire, lulled by his sovereign voice,
The sound of discord stifled dies away,
And the brave pilot sights the distant port.
To him the slave holds forth his unbound arms,
And peace and mercy wait on all his steps.
But the grand drama has a bloodier act,
Blind hatred now to the vast hecatomb
Of martyrs slain the last great victim adds—
Lincoln falls bleeding at the assassin's feet.

IV.

Die then, but die content, since ere they closed
Thine eyes beheld the day of Justice dawn,
And at thy bidding a whole race oppressed
Rise up and gain the dignity of man,
Of family, of citizen, of law.
A nation's crime to expiate thy life
Thy great soul offered as a sacrifice,
And God accepted it. Oh! happy thou,
The glory of thy country, thy great name
The legacy to our degenerate age,
Supplanting the false grandeur of the Past;
A model rare with moral beauty crowned,
Gentleness, justice, and simplicity.
Hero and Christian, Child of Liberty,
Our age is proud of thee, great honest man!—
Honest and dear! The heroes of old Rome
Thou dost not pale before. Democracy
Shall to thy virtues point, and say with pride,
'I too my Cincinnatuses can boast!'
Upward and onward was thy course of life,
Whose every step was nearer to the goal:
The hewer of wood, the unlettered laborer,
Self-taught, set his firm foot on the first round.
Ardent and eager on he took his way,
Higher and higher, to a wider field;
Up from the forum to the height of State,
Made by the people's love Chief Magistrate.
But not enough—one higher step remains,
One glory still—the palm of martyrdom!
'Tis his; and now. O Lincoln, thou canst die,
Earth and its grandeur hath no more for thee

V.

Thus didst thou die; but why did mocking Fate
Reserve for thee a Cæsar's destiny—
Scorner of freedom and of human-kind?
Upon what sacred right hadst thou laid hand?
When didst thou seek thine own wrongs to avenge?
When did thy covetous lust of power lead thee,
In the State's name, to trample on the weak?
Thou didst not blight nor veil fair Liberty,
Type of a nation's head, great citizen!
Good, simple, grand, thou only knewest it not.
Alas! when thou didst fall, at that dread stroke
Evil had done its work, the hour had come
Of triumph for thy heart's great clemency,
The crowning glory of all conquerors.
Oh, with what filial care, what tenderness,
Wouldst thou thy bleeding country have raised up,
And in her bosom, rent with nameless wounds,
Have poured oblivion, pardon, and peace.
How gentle was the soul in thy rude form,
What hidden sweetness lay in thy great strength;
How simple, childlike, guileless was thy heart,
Thou gentle statesman—lion nursed with milk!

VI.

For thee, thou mime, fired with the assassin's part,
Blind criminal, whom Ravaillac awaits
Among the parricides, didst thou not know
That step by step does vengeance follow crime?
That thought, immortal thought, no sword can harm,
No power can conquer not like it divine;
That who would slay it only aids its growth?
Did the blow struck by Brutus save the world
From the oppressor's chain? No; Cæsar's blood
The royal purple of Octavius dyed;
In Plato Socrates still lived and spoke;
Luther, Melancthon, Huss bequeathed his foes;
Joan of Arc, upon her funeral pyre
Transformed, became the angel of the land;
And Christ, in dying on the shameful cross,
Saved a lost world, that henceforth hailed him God!

VII.

Lincoln, sleep now in peace! Thy memory,
Girt with a double halo, will remain;
In good men's hearts thy name will ever live,
And toil's poor sons, soldiers to duty vowed,
The lowly, simple, meek ones of the earth,
Shall find in thee the hero of their dreams.
The worship of those ancient ravagers
Of states and cities, whose triumphant feet
Trampled to dust alike the child and sire,
Scourges of God, in history now shall pale
Before the growing splendor of thy fame.
O gentle hero, wise and great plebeian,
Sleep thou in peace! we bless thee! sleep thou well!
The great good man lives for all time, all men,
And when he dies his country not alone,
But all the world his memory inherits.
To thee man owes the slave's dissevered chain,
Thrones the example of a duty done;
Thy country owes to thee peace, strength restored;
Europe an ideal grand and undefined;
And future ages shall thy name inscribe
Higher than Cæsar's—next to Washington.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
Saturday, October 19, 1867.

SUSPENSION DURING IMPEACHMENT.

THE President is reported to have said to a Tennessee friend that if Congress should impeach him and attempt to suspend him during the trial he would resist. He would endeavor to justify such a course, probably, upon the ground that the Constitution—which is so precious to him and to the Democratic allies and apologists of the rebellion—provides for the removal of the President only on conviction. But if Congress, upon assembling, should pass a law providing for the suspension from their functions of all impeached officers of the Government, from the moment of impeachment until the end of the trial, what then? The President would, of course, veto the bill; Congress would pass it over the veto, and it would become the law of the land. Would Andrew Johnson then undertake armed resistance to the law?

Undoubtedly he would if he thought he should be supported, and very possibly he would under any circumstances. It must be remembered that the President is not only an ignorant, obstinate, and passionate man, but—if common report may be trusted—he is an intemperate man. It has been publicly stated that he intended to relieve General Grant and make General Frank Blair Secretary of War. Now the habits of General Blair are notorious. Jeremiah Black is the President's confidential adviser, and Jeremiah Black is a patriot of the school of Fernando Wood and Robert Toombs. It is idle to say that such men will not dare to do this or that. They will dare to do any thing. They would undoubtedy prefer the form and letter of law, but they could very readily devise any pretext. There can be no more stupendous folly, with our recent experience, than to insist that it is a mere partisan trick to say that violence is very possible and probable upon the part of the President.

He is besotted with the notion that it is his business to defend what he calls the Constitution—in other words, certain theories of his own—against Congress. Now, as a matter of fact, under the Constitution there is no power whatever to oppose the action of Congress, when the veto has been outvoted. To the extent of the veto the President has a constitutional check upon Congress. Beyond that, he is as powerless as the man in the moon. When, in opposition to his veto and by the Constitutional provision, the will of Congress has become law, the sole constitutional duty of the President is to take care that it be faithfully executed in such manner as Congress may have appointed. The President may think that it is a law destructive of the Government, of civil liberty, and of the rights of human nature. But under the Constitution, when he has vetoed it in vain, he must see to its faithful execution or resign. If he will do neither—if he remains merely an incumbrance and paralysis upon the law—Congress may, at its pleasure, constitutionally proceed to impeach him for high misdemeanors.

The truth is, that, under the Constitution, Congress, when it has a two-thirds majority against the President, is the really superior and supreme branch of the Government; and the only final check of its action is not the will of the President but of the people. One very great advantage of the present political situation is, that it dispels some of the vague traditional untruths about our Government. One of the most common theories has been that it was a government of three co-ordinate branches. Co-ordinate means not subordinate; and the theory, therefore, was, that ours was a government of three equally supreme departments. Such a fallacy might be entertained until it was tested. Then, of course, it was sure to be discovered that three supremacies in the same system was a mere fiction. When an actual contest arises between all of them, or any one of them and the other two, it must either be compromised—which settles nothing, and leaves the essential question still open—or one must wholly yield—which establishes its inferiority—or each must persist to the last—in which case force would determine the superiority of one or the other.

The history of the present conflict between the President and Congress shows that when Congress has not a majority of two-thirds against the President he is master of the situation. But when Congress has that majority the President is utterly powerless. If Congress should pass a law over his veto, and the President should refuse to see it faithfully executed upon the ground that the Supreme Court had declared it unconstitutional, Congress must either yield to the Supreme Court, which would make that Court the government of the country, or it must impeach the President despite the Court. If, then, the Chief Justice refused to sit upon the impeachment, there must be a compromise or a forcible solution. Or suppose Congress and the President united, and the Court opposed to them. Congress passes a law, and the President sees that it is executed, while the Supreme Court declares it to be unconstitutional. What can the co-ordinate supremacy of the Court do? Does the Constitution require the President to ask the Court before he sees to the execution of a law, or does it require him to refuse to execute it because the Court declares it unconstitutional? May every law be held invalid until the Court legitimates it? Such a theory subordinates both Congress and the President to the Supreme Court? In any case the fiction of the co-ordinate branches is exposed.

Take another possible case. The President has issued an amnesty. Certain ex-rebels demand to be registered under it and are refused. The Supreme Court decides that they may be registered and vote. They are permitted to vote by authority of the President, sworn to see that the laws are faithfully executed. But such voting is against the law of Congress, and the President is impeached for authorizing a plain violation of the law. There is again no alternative but submission or resistance. There is certainly no equal supremacy. The truth again is, that the will of Congress must prevail despite the President and the Supreme Court, or the Supreme Court is the real Legislature.

It was this combination of the Executive and the Supreme Court upon which the leaders of the Democracy relied ten years ago to secure the nationality of slavery. They were sure that the opposition could not obtain a two-thirds majority in Congress, and they every where declared that a decision of the Supreme Court settled finally and forever the constitutionality of a law. Therefore Buchanan in his inaugural announced the Dred Scott decision. When it came, the New York *Express* and the other slaves of the slave-power insolently asked "What are you going to do about it?" Mr. Douglas asked Mr. Lincoln the same question upon their stumping contest through Illinois. Mr. Lincoln, as usual, answered for the intelligence and conscience and determination of the country in replying that the decision of a court might be reversed as decisions often had been.

If Congress shall think it wise to impeach the President, after having provided for the suspension of all impeached officers pending their trial, there will be no letter of the law ever upon which the President could hope to justify resistance. Resistance would be mere revolution. Even if he pleaded that he was persecuted for opinion's sake—which would be ludicrously untrue—there would be no course for him but submission or resistance. All that Congress and good citizens can do is to take care that he has no excuse for violence. For the violence itself, however, they ought to be prepared. If it is not attempted it will be chiefly because it is anticipated.

Mr. GREELEY UPON SUFFRAGE.

Mr. Greeley has written a letter to an English friend, in which he says that the key-note of his political creed is, that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed, and that this consent may be and often is tacitly given. He then proceeds to say that, in his judgment, three-fourths of the women of New York do not wish to vote, and he accepts that fact as decisive against the voting of any one woman.

By the same reasoning, of course, if three-quarters of the slaves had not cared to be emancipated he would have doomed the other million to slavery. But why John should not be free or vote because James is too stupid to wish to Mr. Greeley does not inform his English friend.

If Governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed, upon what principle are those of the governed who do not wish to give a tacit assent prevented from expressing their will in the usual manner? There may be reasons of expediency, and Mr. Greeley suggests some of them. But nothing could be more fallacious than his assertion that a million of competent and intelligent persons should not vote because three millions of their neighbors are ignorant and indifferent.

Mr. Greeley says that he reported "in favor of enfranchising the blacks because they do wish to vote." But he merely assumes this, just as he assumes that three fourths of the women do not. Justice to his own theory requires that he should submit the question of suffrage to the colored citizens, and ascertain if three-quarters of them wish to vote. If they do not, the others, however competent and desirous, must, according to him, wait until they do. Mr. Greeley also says that "we shall have very hard work to ratify any Constitution that enfranchises the blacks." That is a reason of expediency, and is legitimate.

He also says: "Had we extended the suffrage to women we should have been voted down by hundreds of thousands." That is another legitimate reason of expediency.

He says further, that "when Mr. Biggs shall be an active member of the Democratic, and Mrs. Biggs of the Republican County Committee in one of our excited political contests, I suspect that it will soon take two houses to hold them." But if two people seriously differ which course tends to peace, allowing each an equal expression, or compelling one to submit wholly to the other? Take the case of a drunkard and his wife. Are the family peace and the general welfare best subserved by permitting the husband to vote for free rum and refusing to his wife any voice whatever? or by giving her the same chance to save her family that he has to ruin it?

Governments justly exist by the consent of the governed; but Horace has no right to deny a vote to Henry, and then assume that Henry "tacitly" consents to Horace's government because Hiram does not wish to vote.

THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY AND POLITICAL PURITY.

The leaders of the Democratic party hope to confuse and blind the people of the country to the vital issues of the situation by denouncing the corruption of the Republican Union party. What are the facts?

They are simply that the Union party, having been for some years the dominant party, has naturally been joined by all manner of camp followers, while the war has produced a system of taxation requiring an immense increase of the number of government offices. To some of these offices doubtful and dishonest men have been sometimes appointed, and the disgrace of their exposure has of course fallen upon the party. This is a misfortune. It is a pity that the dishonest men will not go with the minority, and that the agents appointed by a party of good principles should not be always good men.

That there is great corruption in politics every where is not doubted. The practical question is whether that corruption is peculiar to any party, as such, and whether the antecedents of the Democratic party are such as to justify the expectation that it would purify politics? To ask the question is to laugh. The politics of the city of New York are an epitome of those of the Democracy. Is it possible to conceive a more utterly rotten and degraded system? It is notoriously a matter of bargain. Even Judges are known to have bought their way to the bench, and the prices which they have paid are known. Moral worth, intelligence, capacity, fitness, are official qualities wholly disregarded in the bargain of Democratic politicians, which results in filling by enormous majorities the various municipal offices.

Or look at the States in which the Democratic ascendency is unquestioned. Is it supposed that the politics of Democratic Kentucky and Maryland are purer than those of New England or Wisconsin? The Republican party has been the dominant party in New York since the election of 1864, when Horatio Seymour was happily defeated. Of late there has been a loud outcry against Legislative corruption and rotten canal management. But no man has ever heard that the Democratic members of the Legislature were not, in proportion, quite as venal as the Republican, while the Republican majority did not hesitate to investigate and expose the frauds in the canal contracts without inquiring whether or not the scrutiny might not implicate some Republican agents.

Or, viewed nationally, it was the Democratic party whose agents gave us the synonyms of

swindlers and corruptionists. It is enough to suggest SWARTWOUT and PRICE, FLOYD and FOWLER, and the whole Cabinet of BUCHANAN. JOHN SLIDELL in the Plaquemine frauds in Louisiana merely repeated the "repeating" system practiced and taught in the City of New York.

We do not mention these things as "you're another" argument. We speak of them to recall to our readers the character of the Democratic party in the matter of political purity, and to remind them that if that party does not very widely steal at present it is because it has no opportunity. It is out of office. Even ANDREW JOHNSON keeps it out. The New York *World* complains that the President expects the support of "the Democracy," and yet keeps Democratic fingers out of the Treasury.

Indeed, what right is there to expect peculiar honesty of a party which shouts and sneers with contempt at "moral ideas?" Why should the people of New York, or of any State, anticipate integrity in the management of public affairs from a party whose leaders preach repudiation openly with Mr. PENDLETON, or stealthily and tentatively in magnifying the debt as crushing, and paralyzing, and insupportable, with Mr. SANFORD E. CHURCH? Men who constantly enlarge upon the horrible oppressiveness of taxation, upon the awful price of bread, and upon the pinching and starving of the working-man's wife and children, but who have never a word to say of the blessing that was bought with that price, and the incalculable advantage to every working-man which was secured by the war which he is taxed to pay for, is a man who is willing that the word should be said which he does not say, and the debt repudiated whose repudiation he does not verbally advise.

The Democratic party will promise retrenchment, reform, and all the cardinal virtues as their policy. Having heard their protestations, let every voter look at their history and at the character and views of the men whom they can not shake off as leaders, because their hold is vital—men like PENDLETON and VALLANDIGHAM. Let every voter consider the tendency of Democratic supremacy everywhere, its hatred of equal rights, its servility to ignorance and prejudice, and then determine whether this is the party from which political purity is to be expected.

THE NATIONAL BANKS.

SEVERAL months ago the Hon. Mr. RANDALL, we believe, introduced a proposition in Congress for the repeal of the existing National Bank Act and the substitution of legal tenders for the national currency. We do not remember that he then made any serious complaint against the soundness of the system. If there was any special point of dissatisfaction it was that the bank circulation, being based on Government bonds, all the benefits were enjoyed by the banks without any participation in them by the Government. His ostensible object was to save the country the eighteen or twenty millions of gold which was paid to the banks in annual interest on their bonds deposited with the United States Treasurer. Fortunately the proposition met with little favor at the time, and was but little discussed. It has become more popular of late. Moreover, the discovery has suddenly been made that the whole system is rotten and specially open to abuses of all sorts, and that the public interests demand a radical change. As is always the case when new measures of reform are suggested, there are a great many persons, wholly ignorant of the first principles of finance, who join in the sweeping condemnation; and each successive failure among the weaker banking institutions elicits a renewed cry of alarm. Reports are circulated unfavorable to their credit and general management, most of which have no foundation in truth, but which nevertheless tend greatly to create popular mistrust.

No doubt some of the banks are shaky and will break, as others have already done; but when have there been so few failures as under the present system? When have there been fewer frauds and defalcations, or fewer revelations of corruption among bank officers? There will always be temptation, under whatever system, to use the credit of the banks for individual profit, and no safeguards can be made wholly secure against dishonesty. The truth is, that no system has been devised during our existence as a nation so nearly perfect or so well adapted to the public necessities and the public protection. All the objections now raised against it were brought before the notice of Congress when it was under consideration. They were fully discussed then, and the fact that the National system was adopted in face of all objections is the strongest argument against any change now.

Great stress is laid upon the assumption that the banks are specially favored by drawing interest upon their deposited bonds, while they receive additional interest from loaning out their circulation; whereas they enjoyed the same privilege under the safety fund banking law of New York, only that they issued notes to the *full* amount of the stocks deposited to secure their circulation, instead of only ninety per cent. as now. In other States the advantages were equal, or greater. But the National Banks do not receive the full interest on their three hundred millions of circulation, because fully one-fourth is kept constantly in their tills, to meet the daily requirements of their business.

One very serious thought to be considered by those who would force the Banks into liquidation is, that the Banks hold more than one-fourth of the national debt in bonds deposited for their circulation, and as security for public deposits. Should these bonds, which are now kept permanently from sale, be suddenly thrown upon the market, it would very seriously affect the public credit. The real fact is, that this proposed measure for a forced cancellation of the national currency is but one remove from a violation of the public faith; it is nearly akin to that other measure of semi-repudiation which would pay the gold interest on the Five-Twenty bonds in paper currency. The public should be cautious how they indorse any of these plausible financial schemes which shrewd speculators are so fond of conjuring up for their approval.

We have now a uniform currency, which is a blessing of itself; the Government being responsible for the circulation, bill-holders are secured against loss. Even when banks fail, as they have done, their notes are just as good as any others, for the Government must redeem them. The safety of depositors, to be sure, is only assured by the successful character of the business done by the banks, although beyond the capital they have a further security in the individual responsibility of the stockholders. In this respect they are as well off as under any previous system. In addition to the salutary checks provided by law, there are examiners appointed by the Treasurer to make periodical investigations. It is doubtful if any change in the present system could be made for the better, though it has its defects, and may possibly be improved upon. Most of the intelligent portion of the community have a general idea of its operation. They may well question the policy of the measure proposed. That a forcible withdrawal of the National Bank circulation would be alike injurious to the interests of those banks and the general interests of the country is beyond peradventure. One effect at least would be to retard for an indefinite period the resumption of specie payments. Indeed, forced contraction of any sort, even when limited to $4,000,000 a month as authorized by law, is not calculated to produce the effect anticipated, as the result proves. We are certainly no nearer specie payments now than when the Enabling Act was passed. Political quiet and confidence is needed more than new measures of finance.

"THE REACTION" IN NEW YORK.

THE Democratic State Convention does not seem to have been a very brilliant sign of "the great reaction." The only striking point in the whole proceedings was Mr. JOHN M'KEON's denunciation of the craven-heartedness of the managers, and his prophecy that their ticket would be beaten by twenty thousand majority. Alarmed at his energy the managers called the previous question and secured the result they intended. The ticket nominated has no familiar Democratic name, and the resolutions are malignant, but merely negative and protestant. The sole reliance of the party is evidently upon possible divisions of the Union party, and ANDREW JOHNSON is not even named. As he reads the melancholy record of the performance he will probably not forget the New York Democratic Convention of two years ago, which had some hope of rousing popular enthusiasm by the nomination of General SLOCUM and JOHN VAN BUREN; and he will ruefully remember that JOHN VAN BUREN, in his speech in the Capitol Park, nominated ANDREW JOHNSON for President. It probably will not occur to him that the Democratic party hoped to use him as a wedge to split the Republican Union party, and having for that purpose knocked him lustily on the head, and all in vain, now leaves him without a thought. The Convention showed that the Democratic party is the same party controlled by the same leaders as for the last ten years. Mr. HOFFMAN, indeed, made a little speech; but he is merely the metropolitan pet, he is not "a heavy weight" in the party. HORATIO SEYMOUR was the spokesman of the party in the Convention as he has been its chief for some years. He was the chosen representative of the spirit of "reaction," which is to undo the work of the war.

And who is this representative? It is the same HORATIO SEYMOUR who, in December, 1860, at the notorious Tweddle Hall Convention, tried to defeat the Government in advance and secure the triumph of the rebellion. It is the same HORATIO SEYMOUR who declared that if it came to a choice between the Union and slavery he was for letting the Union go and for saving slavery. It is the same HORATIO SEYMOUR whom the apologists of the rebellion made Governor in 1862, and who appointed JOHN A. GREEN, known only as one of the most malignant of Copperheads, military commander of a large part of the State, for what purpose it is not difficult to imagine. It is the same HORATIO SEYMOUR who, in the New York Academy of Music, on the 4th of July, 1863, when LEE was pressing into Pennsylvania, taunted the Government with its failure, asked contemptuously for the "great victories" that had been promised, and warned it that the mob could be lawless as well as the Government. And even while he spoke thousands of brave men were pouring out their heart's-blood at Gettysburg and Vicksburg, securing the victory of the nation over JEFFERSON DAVIS and HORATIO SEYMOUR. It is the same HORATIO SEYMOUR who, when the mob of New York obeyed the word he had given them and ravaged the city, stood before them at the City Hall and calling them, still flushed and reeking with the wanton and barbarous massacre of helpless and innocent men, women, and children, "My friends," promised them not that the laws should be executed, but that he would try to have them changed as his "friends" desired. And, finally, it is the same HORATIO SEYMOUR who presided over the last National Convention of the Democratic party which joyfully declared the war a failure, and stimulated the expiring rebellion to one more struggle.

This is the man whom the Democracy of New York selects as its mouth-piece. He is unchanged, and they are unchanged; unable to defeat loyal men in the field, they hope to prevent the natural result of their victory. This is the great reaction which they so ardently expect. Hating and opposing the war, they still hope that the country will repent and give them the settlement of its consequences. Enemies of equal liberty, they strive to put the loyal freedman at the mercy of the rebel master. Under the plea of State rights, with which they virtually justified secession, they would now retain the spirit and form of caste and slavery. The alliance of the Democratic party with slavery, its pandering to ignorance and vice, its utter scorn of public morality, plunged us into the war. Is the party of to-day a new party? Is it in the least repentant or purified? Does any thoughtful man trust its patriotism or its honesty? But the choice must be made between the "reaction" and the logic of the war.

A VOICE FROM ALABAMA.

IT is pleasant to hear a note of simple patriotism and loyalty to the Government ringing out from the interior of any of the late rebel States, and such is the prospectus of the *Union*, a campaign paper issued in Moulton, Alabama. It is intended to discuss the great political questions until and during the session of the Alabama Constitutional Convention.

"In our sense," says the prospectus, "the Union is the territory over which the laws of the nation prevail, and within which its citizens are entitled to reside and have its protection and assistance.......We have no very great devotion for State boundaries, except as a part of the machinery of organization. So long as they are good they will be preserved for that reason, when they become bad it is time to let them go." Rebellion against the Union it considers a crime against liberty.

These are not very familiar doctrines, probably, in Alabama. But they are not very surprising in Wisconsin, for instance, or Iowa, where the State limits are merely a surveyor's line upon the prairie. The doctrine of State rights has been so exaggerated in the Southern States that a candid consideration of the subject will be wholesome and refreshing. The prospectus of the *Union* speaks for every truly American heart in saying: "One part of our great territory is just as sacred to us as another; and it is all sacred."

THE PERILS OF THE HUDSON.

IN the early part of the summer we warned our readers that the racing between the steamers upon the Hudson River made the river travel very dangerous. One boat, the *Drew*, left New York at six o'clock in the evening, and, racing with a Troy boat, reached Albany between one and two o'clock in the morning. It was said that the *Drew* was never put to her speed, that she could easily run at that rate, and that there was no danger whatever. The sufficient reply was the simple question, what man would trust his family upon the *Drew* if she ran at that rate every night? The ordinary perils of night travel upon a crowded river are enough without adding to them the crime of racing.

But the fearful disaster of the *Dean Richmond* will serve, we hope—and do not believe—to arouse public attention to the recklessness with which the river travel is managed. Upon a perfectly quiet night, when the moon is just past the full and is shining brightly, two steamers signal each other, and then one crashes into the other so that she sinks in a quarter of an hour. The horror of such a moment can hardly be imagined. The loss of life is not known. It was said that no life was lost, and we shall probably never know the truth. But hundreds of lives were endangered, and it was wonderful that no more were sacrificed.

The necessary dangers of travel may be calmly contemplated and bravely encountered, but wanton and inconceivable carelessness nobody can consider without alarm. The statements of those in control of the *Richmond* and of the *Vanderbilt* at the time of the accident can not, of course, be trusted. If one be correct, the other is wholly wrong; and each has every reason to make the best of it for his own side. There is undoubtedly ill-feeling between various lines upon the river. The new railroad terminus at Athens has not been highly praised by the papers of Albany and Troy, and the loss of the *Richmond* is considered a fatal blow to Athens. We do not say, of course, that these rivalries caused the disaster, but we observe that boats of the same line do not run into each other, and the pilots of such boats contrive to understand the signals.

Public decency demands a rigid investigation into the details of this accident. That no lives—if none—were lost, should but stimulate the inquiry in order that none may be lost. If a hundred men, women, and children had been destroyed the whole country would have rung with a cry of indignation, and the most stringent demand for the most satisfactory examination of the whole case would have been made. It was a mere chance that the hundred were not lost. The carelessness was as great. The duty of investigation is as imperative.

THE VICE-PRESIDENCY IN 1864.

WE find the following statement in the Albany *Evening Journal:*

"PARTON says that ANDREW JOHNSON was the choice of Mr. LINCOLN for the Vice-Presidency. Mr. WEED, in the *Commercial Advertiser*, corrects this, and says that DANIEL S. DICKINSON was the choice of Mr. LINCOLN, and that he would have been nominated had not Mr. CURTIS, in presenting him to the New York delegation, avowed that the object of the nomination was hostility to Mr. SEWARD. This induced a majority of the delegation to go for Mr. JOHNSON. Mr. WEED says that he derived his knowledge of President LINCOLN's preferences from his Private Secretary, who was present at the Convention to communicate, discreetly, his views."

There is some mistake here. When it became evident that a former Democrat was to be nominated at Baltimore for Vice-President Mr. CURTIS, in the caucus of the New York delegation, supported DANIEL S. DICKINSON, and he stated what was perfectly well understood, that some delegates felt that Mr. DICKINSON's election would involve the resignation of Mr. SEWARD, on the ground that New York could hardly expect to have both the Vice-President and the Secretary of State. This was a result undoubtedly designed by some who supported Mr. DICKINSON, but it was expressly repudiated by Mr. CURTIS, who alluded to it to the purpose of disowning any such intention. He was one of the very last of the Radical Republicans to acknowledge the defection of Mr. SEWARD; and with the feeling that Mr. CURTIS had for him in June, 1864, it was simply impossible that in an assembly of New York Republicans, whose SEWARD sympathies were known to him, he should support Mr. DICKINSON with the avowed object of displacing Mr. SEWARD. Mr. CURTIS, in supporting Mr. DICKINSON, differed from his SEWARD friends, and they carried the nomination of Mr. JOHNSON not because of any declaration of hostility to Mr. SEWARD, but because they knew before the caucus that Mr. JOHNSON was Mr. SEWARD's choice. Upon the death of President LINCOLN the friends of Mr. SEWARD were very anxious to have it known that they nominated Mr. JOHNSON; and an article in *Harper's Weekly* some two years ago frankly gave them all the credit of their work.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

SOUTHERN RECONSTRUCTION.

CONTRARY to expectation and to our announcement of last week the returns of the Louisiana election leave no doubt that a sufficient majority of votes has been cast to insure the assembling of a convention to frame a new constitution for the State.

NEWS ITEMS.

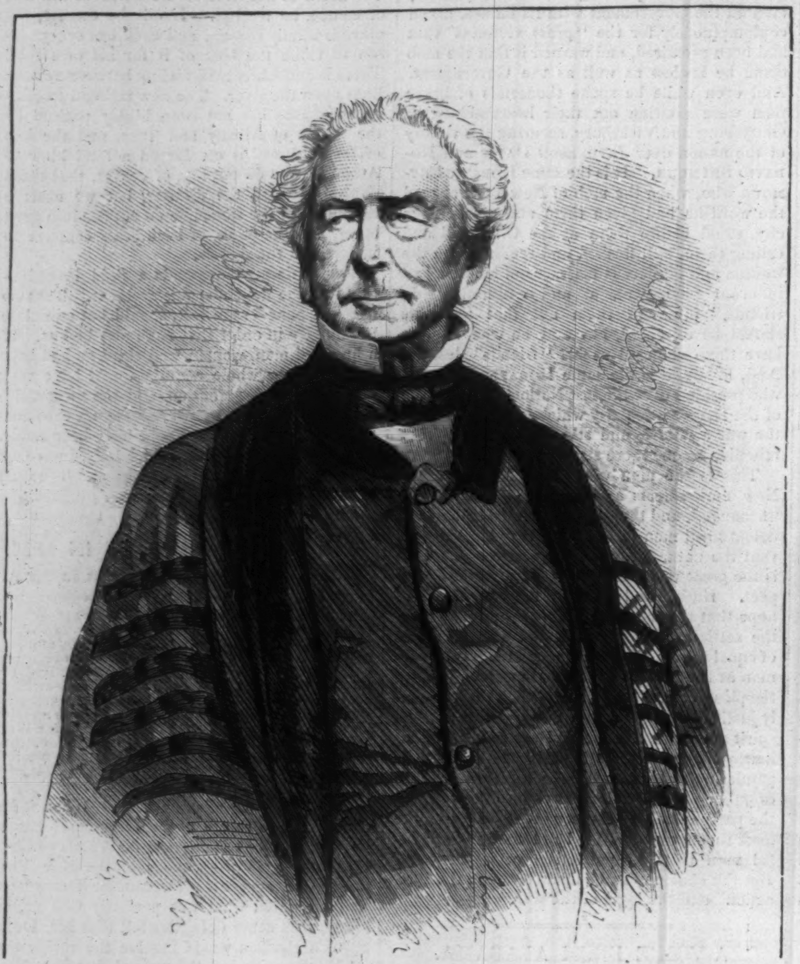
The New York State Democratic Convention met at Albany on October 3, and nominated the following candidates for the various State offices which are to be contested in the election on November 5:

Secretary of State .... Homer A. Nelson.
Controller .... William F. Allen.
Treasurer .... Wheeler H. Bristol.
Attorney-General .... Marcus B. Champlain.
State Engineer and Surveyor ... Van R. Richmond.
Judge of Court of Appeals ...... Martin Grover.
Canal Commissioner .... John D. Fay.
Inspector of State Prisons ...... John Scheu.

Elias Howe, Jun., the inventor of the sewing machine, died in Brooklyn, New York, on October 3, aged forty-eight years.

FOREIGN NEWS.

SINCE our first page, giving an account of the Garibaldian movements, went to press, later and important news has been received. A second engagement between the insurgents and the Papal troops took place on October 6 in Frosinone, a province southeast of Rome, in which the Pope's troops were again badly defeated. It was also known that the volunteers of Garibaldi were crossing the Papal frontier in great numbers, and the early occupation of Rome appeared certain. The most important intelligence, however, is that Victor Emanuel refuses to aid the Pope, and asks to be released from the treaty obligation not to occupy Rome as his capital, and that Prussia announces its intention to support this demand of its ally in Italy. The "September Convention," of which the reader will hear much, was the treaty of 1866, by which Italy agreed that, in order to secure the removal of the French flag from Pontifical territory, it would renounce all forcible means of planting the Italian flag over that territory. In asking to be relieved of this obligation Victor Emanuel asks, virtually, that he may make Rome his capital. If he should announce his intention to reoccupy Rome Napoleon would declare war against Italy, and, since Prussia supports the demand of Italy, against Germany too.



THE LATE CHARLES KING, LL.D.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD, 839 BROADWAY.]

BOILER EXPLOSION AT NEWARK, N. J.—THE RUINS.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY R. H. ROSE, NEWARK.]

PRESIDENT CHARLES KING.

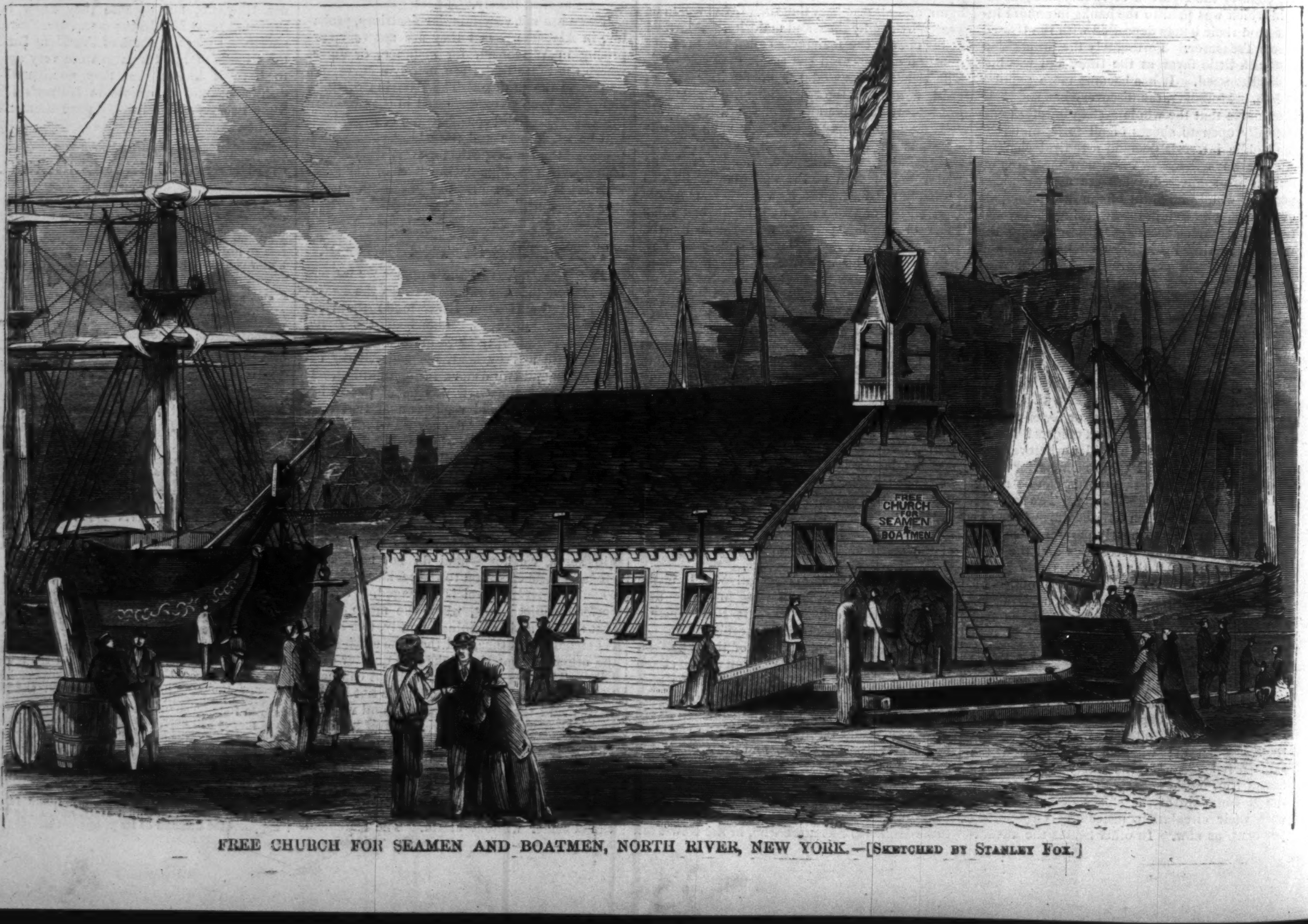
PRESIDENT CHARLES KING died at Francate, near Rome, on September 27, 1867, aged seventy-eight years. He was born in New York, and was the son of the late RUFUS KING. During his father's residence in England as Minister to the Court of St. James he was sent to Harrow school, and subsequently to a preparatory school in Paris. Returning to New York he married, in 1810, ELIZA, a daughter of ARCHIBALD GRACIE, a leading merchant of this city, with whom the deceased was associated in business. In 1813 Mr. KING was a member of the Legislature, and although a Federalist in politics supported the war with Great Britain, and served as a volunteer during the autumn of 1814. The failure of the firm of which he was a member in 1823 caused him to abandon mercantile pursuits and to engage in journalism, for which he had much taste and ability. In company with JOHNSTON VERPLANCK he established the New York *American*, a conservative newspaper, which attained much political influence. After the retirement of Mr. VERPLANCK in 1827 Mr KING continued to conduct the paper until the publication was discontinued, when he became associated with the *Courier and Enquirer*. As an editor of this paper he remained until 1849, during which year he was elected President of Columbia College. This position was filled with great ability and with satisfaction to all concerned, the wealth and usefulness of the College being greatly increased during his presidency.

BOILER EXPLOSION AT NEWARK, NEW JERSEY.

ANOTHER of those terrible boiler explosions, like that which lately occurred in this city, took place at Newark, New Jersey, on September 30. It was the bursting of a boiler in a brewery in that city. The southeastern corner of the brewery, in which the engine and boiler were located, was converted into a mass of ruins, the pieces of the boiler forcing their way both forward into the middle of the street and backward through the rear of the building, making an aperture of thirty feet high and as many wide. Pieces of the boiler and the débris were also thrown about the surrounding neighborhood to the distance of three or four blocks, but fortunately injuring no one in their descent. It is miraculous that the loss of life was no greater, for a large number of men were employed in the various parts of the building. Only two persons were killed. Our illustration shows the ruins after the accident.

FREE CHURCH FOR SEAMEN.

WE give on this page an illustration of one of the Churches, or Bethels, for Seamen which are to be found in considerable numbers in the North and East rivers, and which are used for divine service by the missionaries to the seamen. The "Free Church for Seamen and Boatmen" which we illustrate is located in a dock at the foot of Herbert Street, New York, and is one of the oldest institutions of the kind in this harbor.



FREE CHURCH FOR SEAMEN AND BOATMEN, NORTH RIVER, NEW YORK.—[SKETCHED BY STANLEY FOX.]

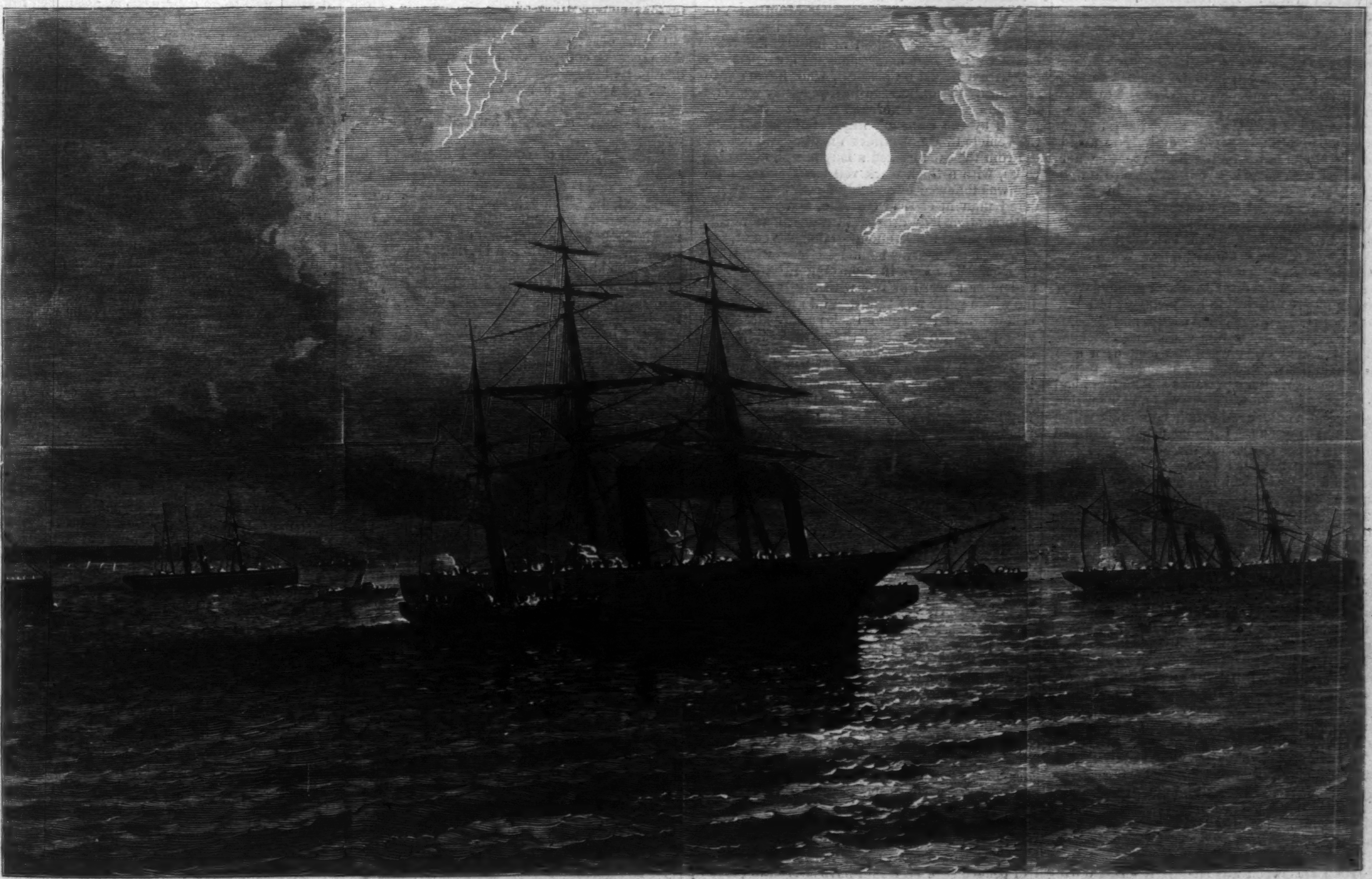
DEBRA-TABOR, ABYSSINIA, THE RESIDENCE OF KING THEODORE.

THE ABYSSINIAN EXPEDITION.

GREAT BRITAIN is indulging herself in one of those follies which we had supposed to be exclusively characteristic of this Government, as illustrated in its last senseless job of an Indian war. Great Britain is about to put in jeopardy the lives of several thousand veteran soldiers, like those under HANCOCK and CUSTER, in an expedition against just such savages as those of the plains, at the expense of many millions (not of greenbacks, but actual hard, shining gold), and for the protection of a dozen or two settlers, who, as far as we can make out, had no more positive rights in the territory of the savage King THEODORE of Abyssinia than our settlers have in the Indian reservations. Great Britain, it seems, has her shoddy contractors as America has, for whom she must provide; she has also, unfortunately for humanity, a false and foolish sense of national honor, not unlike America, and a still baser pride of national prestige—somewhat unlike America in this regard we are happy to say; and she has gone to war with a small savage power in Africa, in order to effect the release of a few captives whom she might have ransomed for a few dozen pence instead of a few million of pounds, or even by the expenditure of a few kind words instead of insulting demands made through a blustering consul. The dusky King THEODORE is no doubt a brute, without reason or Christian humanity; but this does not justify the British Lion in showing that he is one also. It does not appear from all we can glean that any peaceful means have been employed to secure the release of the unfortunate captives. To the demands which have been made by Consul CAMERON the Ethiop answered by adding him to his list of captives, and sending word that he would release them all on condition that the Queen of England would marry him; and at once England rushed off into the wildest preparations and most enormous expenditures for a vigorous prosecution of the war on the Blue Nile, and is now throwing 10,000 men into the abyss of Abyssinia.

One of our illustrations on this page represents the fleet of transports which are to convey these 10,000 veterans to Massowah on the Red Sea, the chosen base of operations, as it lay in the Mersey, loading with munitions of war, preparatory to sailing. These munitions of war are of the queerest character. In the list are 700 tons of pig iron; a vast horde of mules, which could have been had cheaper in Abyssinia; several thousand camels, which are absolutely useless in a mountainous country like that to be invaded; any quantity of patent pack-saddles, made for use in the Crimean war and long since discovered to be worse than useless; and like unserviceable articles or animals. The preparations for this useless and undignified war have been made on the most dignified scale as if King THEODORE were the Emperor NICHOLAS come again, and Abyssinia was to be another Crimea.

Our other illustration on the same page shows the residence of the savage King THEODORE, the capture of which is the object of the expedition.



THE ABYSSINIAN EXPEDITION—FLEET OF TRANSPORTS LYING IN THE MERSEY.

Debra-Tabor, the village which is the capital of Abyssinia, is situated far in the interior of the country, and in the midst of the lofty mountains in which rise the Atbara and Bahr el Azrek or Blue Nile, two of the principal sources of the river Nile. It is a small village; and the houses are neatly-thatched huts of inflammable material, as represented in our engraving.

The chief obstacle to be encountered in the expedition is the difficulty of penetrating through the country; and the style of warfare to be waged will greatly resemble, doubtless, in result as well as in the manner of its prosecution, the late attempt of our marines in the island of Formosa.

The dusky monarch against whom all this British rage is to be expended is an Ethiop chief named Kassai; but elevating himself to the chieftaincy of the various tribes of Abyssinia, he has since christened himself "Theodorus, King of Ethiopia." In the little feudal confederation out of which his empire is formed he was nobody at all. His cunning, courage, and physical strength alone raised him above his fellows. The warriors of Abyssinia, seeing in him a good leader, a dreaded chief, with whom there was always probability of victory and certainty of plunder, followed him in preference to another. Some Europeans who happened to be with him or near him on the Egyptian frontier gave him much advice and a few arms. All these fortunate circumstances combined enabled him to beat his numerous rivals in detail. It must be added that in knightly fashion he himself slew some of them with his own hand.

MABEL'S PROGRESS.

By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."

Book V

CHAPTER VII.

VISITORS AT DE MONTFORT VILLAS.

After the disagreeable business in which Walter Charlewood had been involved at the bank Clement insisted that his brother should return and share the family home. It was in vain that Wat rebelled and implored; there was no resisting Clement's strong steady will. "It must be so, Watty," he said. "Trouble and danger have come from your leaving us. Worse shall not follow if I can by any means prevent it. Mother and Penny will receive you gladly. The quiet, peaceful home-life will, after a while, be much sweeter to you than—"

"Oh, home-life!" answered Walter, bitterly. "I don't care to go back to a home where I'm looked upon as a monster—a foil to your virtue—neither have I any fancy for playing prodigal son, and being cried over by the women." Then, with a sudden change of tone, he whined out like a chidden school-boy, "I say, Clem, *don't* make me go back there, old fellow! I'll be as steady as a rock, and I won't forget what you have done for me, and I will keep all square and right; indeed I will! But—but—it's so *beastly* dull at Barnsbury!"

It was all in vain. His rent (discovered to be in arrear) was paid at the dingy lodging-house, and himself and his portmanteau were conveyed in a cab to his mother's home. Mrs. Charlewood was so overjoyed to se[illegible] her boy once more under her roof, that it is to be feared she was scarcely as much shocked as she ought to have been at the immediate cause of his being there. Clement did not needlessly distress her; but of course it had been impossible entirely to avoid imputing blame to his brother in the matter, nor would he have deemed it right or wise to do so had it been possible. But [illegible] to his sister Penny did he impart all he kne[illegible] the extent of Walter's misconduct. Whatever that was, it remained a secret between the two brothers.

For a time things went on quietly. Walter was cowed by a sense of disgrace. Although Penelope, at Clement's earnest request, refrained from uttering any reproaches to her youngest brother, the very fact of her unwonted silence and forbearance stung him. He was conscience-stricken, and interpreted every word and look as a stab aimed at himself. The little household was peaceful, but sad. Walter's presence among them had a depressing influence. There was no longer that candor and confidence in their home-talk which lightens all burdens. Clement usually returned from his office early, but there were occasions when he was detained later. Walter had demanded a key with which to let himself into the house whenever he would; but this his brother had rigidly refused to allow him. Walter made a hard struggle for this privilege, but suddenly ceased to ask for it, and took the habit of going to bed early—as early sometimes as half past eight or nine o'clock. He professed that the dullness and stupidity of his home-life made him sleepy, and wished he were dead outright rather than buried alive. "But, Wat," Penelope would say, "you are always in such violent extremes. Why can you not go out occasionally and amuse yourself, and return home at a reasonable hour? I would always sit up for you until eleven. I, too, think it is not good for you to be altogether buried alive. But why need you be? It is your own fault."

To such speeches Walter would reply that he was not a child, although Clem, having got the upper hand, tried to treat him like one, and that if he could not come in and go out without being spied upon and lectured he would stop at home for good and all, and he hoped Clem would like *that!*

Mrs. Charlewood was singularly silent during these discussions; and whenever Penelope spoke to her privately on the subject, would say nervously, "There, love, don't talk about it; let us be thankful that we have got the lad at 'ome again. I know, dear, Clem is very good and wise; but—*isn't* he a bit stern with Wat now and then? Well, there; I dare say I'm all wrong. Don't scold me, Penny; don't, my dear! All I want is to keep peace and good-will among you all."

One morning at breakfast Clement said to his mother, "Our little servant has one most singular propensity—she is not generally apt to originate any service, or to do any thing in the way of work that she can leave undone; but she keeps the lock of the street door oiled and cleaned in the most wonderful way—the hinges too. When we first came here the door creaked terribly; now I enter positively without noise. I wonder what put it into her head to do this!"

"Why, Clem!" cried Penelope, "Ann wouldn't think of such a thing, I am very sure. Whoever oils the lock it is not she; besides, the only oil we have in the house is salad oil, and that I keep locked up in the kitchen cupboard."

There was a momentary silence. Then Mrs. Charlewood said, tremulously: "It is not Ann that oils the lock, dear. It's—it's me."

"You, mother? What on earth for?"

"I—I found it fidgeted me so to have it creaking and grating. I've nervous fancies now, you know, that I didn't 'ave once upon a time; so I just keep it well oiled with a feather, and—and—I didn't want to bother any body about it."

"Well, you have been uncommonly sly in your proceedings, mamma," said Penelope. "I have never once chanced to see you near the lock."

Mrs. Charlewood appeared so confused, and unwilling to pursue the subject, that Clement signed to his sister to say no more. The matter was thus allowed to pass off for the time, but Penny referred to it afterward in speaking to Clement.

"It was odd of mamma, was it not, Clem? I have noticed several rather strange fancies she has taken lately, and a kind of secret way that used not to be usual with her at all."

"Her nervous system has been greatly shattered," said Clement. "We must be gentle and tranquil with her."

Miss O'Brien's visit had been a surprise and a break in the Charlewood's monotonous life. She brought the latest news of Augusta and her husband. Mr. and Mrs. Malachi Dawson had arrived in England, and were traveling to town by easy stages, paying one or two visits en route. The elder Mrs. Dawson occupied for the season a small, dark, stuffy house in a cul-de-sac in Mayfair; and there her son and daughter-in-law were to remain during their brief stay in London before going down to take possession of their own home near Eastfield.

"Augusta told me to say that she should certainly come and see you," said Miss O'Brien, blushing in delivering the message as Augusta had *not* blushed in giving it.

"Augusta 'as not written to me for a long time," said Mrs. Charlewood, gently.

"She says that she—that you—that her last letter was never answered."

Penelope checked Mrs. Charlewood in a reply, and said, slowly, "I hope Augusta *will* come to see her mother. Her mother will be glad to see Augusta."

About a fortnight afterward a hackney-cab drew up before Number Nine De Montfort Villas. It had stopped at several doors before, and the driver only succeeded in finding the right house by the zealous assistance of a chemist's boy with a basket on his arm, who, having been sent on a pressing errand in a precisely opposite direction, eagerly embraced the opportunity afforded by the cabman's inquiries to accompany the vehicle to De Montfort Villas.

From the cab alighted a lady in rich mourning robes, with a thick black veil covering her face. She was followed by a ruddy-faced, broad-shouldered man in clerical costume, and lastly came forth another lady dressed in a pale lilac muslin of the lightest fabric and most delicate color, and wearing a close straw bonnet trimmed with white ribbons. The lady in mourning rang the bell, and after a word or two with the little servant the whole party was admitted into the house and ushered into the small back-parlor. "Missis would be down directly," the servant said, "and so would Miss Charlewood."

The lady in mourning raised her veil, revealing the handsome face of the late Miss Augusta Charlewood. "Good gracious!" she exclaimed, fanning herself with her handkerchief, "how frightfully hot I am. That veil has nearly suffocated me." As she was speaking the door opened, and Mrs. Charlewood and Penelope came into the room.

"Oh, Gussy! Oh, my child!" cried the former, taking her daughter in her arms. Penelope gave her sister her hand, and bent forward as though to kiss her, but Mrs. Malachi Dawson offering her cheek, Penelope omitted the salute altogether.

"And do you see who I have brought with me?" said Augusta.

Mrs. Charlewood turned round and wiped the tears from her eyes before she recognized her visitors. "Why, goodness me!" she exclaimed. Mr. Fluke, and *Miss* Fluke! Well, this is a surprise. 'Ow d'ye do?"

The Reverend Decimus Fluke shook hands with the widow. He was not an unkindly man, and he put a good deal of friendly cordiality into the grip which he gave her hand. The sight of her black gown and altered face moved him to pity her very sincerely. But his voice was as loud, and his manner as boisterous as ever when he spoke to her. Could he have been convinced that the assumption of a soft tone and gentle manner would have been in this case a real act of benevolence he would have striven to perform that act. But the idea was a wholly inconceivable one to him. Miss Fluke, I am inclined to believe, was much less accessible to emotions of compassion. She had, as she would have expressed it, "*to save her own soul;*" and that aim she pursued according to her lights with entire singleness of purpose, plunging onward in a straight line, and treading down sensibilities and susceptibilities and delicate little flowers of feeling with as little ruth as a bullock might be expected to feel for the daisies crushed by the plow he was drawing. The "wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower" would have appealed to Miss Fluke's imagination quite in vain.

"How are you, my dear afflicted friends?" said Miss Fluke, solemnly. The weather was warm, and Miss Fluke's face was very red, and her simple straw bonnet with white ribbons framed it in an incongruous manner. Her delicate lilac muslin, too, was scarcely in harmony with the very tough and stalwart character of her figure. "My dear afflicted friends," repeated Miss Fluke, "*how* are you?"

"Pretty well, thank you," said Penelope, coolly, "and how are you, poor creature?"

Miss Fluke opened her eyes very wide indeed. "Poor creature!" she repeated, in a puzzled manner.

"Yes; poor creature. Are we not all poor creatures? I didn't know that you had any dispensation from the common lot."

"No, no," interposed the Reverend Decimus, with obtuse cheerfulness. "To be sure not. Quite right, Miss Charlewood. We are all—one and all—*miserable* sinners. But, alas! all have not our glorious privilege of knowing that we are so."

The little lath-and-plaster house seemed to quiver as the brassy tones of Mr. Fluke's voice rang through it.

"What a horrid place this is!" said Augusta to her mother. "And that bare, dreary field at the back! I thought I never should find the house."

"So *we* thought," said Penelope, dryly.

"Well, Penny, now I really think that very uncalled for and unkind. We have only been in town eight days, and it was impossible to be here sooner. This morning, just as I had made up my mind to make an effort and come to mamma, Mr. and Miss Fluke called. I told them of my intention, and they offered to accompany me."

The truth was, that Augusta, who had not got rid of her sensitive horror of "scenes," had considerably dreaded the meeting with her family, and had gladly accepted the Flukes' offer, thinking that any very confidential or agitating conversation upon family affairs would thereby be avoided. Penelope understood it all perfectly.

"And are you not surprised to see me and Hannah in this great city, my dear friends?" said Mr. Fluke. "You have not yet inquired what brings us hither—eh?"

"Papa is going to preach a charity sermon at the request of an old friend," struck in Miss Fluke. "Papa and my sisters and I have been at the sea-side recruiting our strength for our winter duties."

The idea thus conjured up, of a fresh stock of vigor having been taken in by the whole Fluke family, was calculated to appall a weak mind.

"We had to pass through London on our way home, so papa has the precious opportunity of sowing the good seed among a very low and numerous congregation on the Surrey side of the river, *without* incurring any serious expense."

"Ah," observed Penny, "sowing the seed for them comes cheaper than giving them bread, doesn't it?"

"And where are my brothers?" asked Augusta, languidly.

"At work," responded her sister, with brevity.

"Oh, ah, yes, of course. I know. But I mean, where do they live? You don't mean to say that there is room for you all *here?*"

"Well, love," said Mrs. Charlewood, "it *is* close quarters for 'em. But we 'ave just bedrooms enough, with the servant girl going 'ome to sleep. Watty finds it a bit dull, love."

"I should think so, mamma! Poor Watty! With his habits and tastes—and poor Clement, too, of course," added Augusta, hastily, catching her sister's eye.

Mrs. Charlewood's maternal heart had yearned toward her absent daughter, despite the cold selfishness of her letters. Now the meeting had come, and there was a leaden sensation of disappointment in the mother's breast. Augusta made it apparent in fifty ways that she was henceforth apart from the rest of the family. She invited her mother to come and see her, but it was in a suppressed, dry manner, as though she were undecided whether to be ashamed or proud of the condescension. Augusta shrank from contact with poverty as she shrank from exposing her delicate skin to an east wind. And, to her, her mother's present circumstances meant great poverty. Mrs. Charlewood had most of the material comforts which she needed or desired; but to Augusta, born and cradled amidst great wealth, the absence of luxuries appeared privation. Penelope, with brave self-sacrifice, and it may be with a certain enjoyment in the long unused pleasure of whetting her keen tongue upon Miss Fluke's solid, self-satisfied dullness, engaged the visitors in conversation, thus leaving her mother free to talk with Augusta. At length the latter rose to go. The Flukes rose also.

"We have been trying to induce Penelope to come and hear papa's sermon next Sunday," said Miss Fluke, impressively. "I hope *you* will come, at all events, Mrs. Charlewood. You were always a faithful member of papa's flock."

"It's a long way off, isn't it?" said Mrs. Charlewood, hesitatingly.

"Not at all," pronounced Miss Fluke, in her *infallible* manner. "No distance whatever. Papa preaches in the morning, and again in the evening. There is the name of the church written down."

"Well, we will think of it," said Penelope, shaking hands with Mr. Fluke. Augusta lingered to say a word or two to her mother, and then they all went out to the front-door together.

The cabman was half-reclining on the box, with one elbow supported on the roof of his cab. He had a pipe in his mouth, and was reading a Sunday paper.

"What are you reading, my good man?" demanded Miss Fluke, marching up to the vehicle.

"All right, mum," answered the cabman. He folded up the newspaper, thrust it into his pocket, and scrambled down in a stiff, bow-legged fashion to open the cab door.

Augusta entered the vehicle, and Mr. Fluke stood waiting for his daughter to do the same. But Miss Fluke still remained immovable, with her eyes fixed on the cabman, and one hand fumbling in her pocket. "What were you reading, my good man?" she repeated, glaring at him.

"Where to, Sir?" asked the cabman, huskily, of Mr. Fluke. The reverend gentleman gave Mrs. Dawson's address in Mayfair.

"Here," said Miss Fluke, no whit abashed, and drawing a tract from her pocket, "here is a beautiful little story that I wish you would promise me to read in your leisure moments, my friend."

"All right, mum," rejoined the cabman, scrambling on to his box again.

"Take it, my good man; it is for you. Take it and put it in your pocket."

"Thankee, mum," said the man, looking at her for the first time as he gathered the reins in his hand, "I won't deprive you."

Mr. Fluke handed his daughter into the cab somewhat hastily, for the horse made a sudden plunge, and evinced an unexpected desire to start.

"I think," said Miss Fluke, with much solemnity, after they had ridden some distance in silence—"I think that I should *very* much like to be connected with a mission for the conversion of the London cabmen!"

CHAPTER VIII.

CORDA MAKES A DISCOVERY.

A crowd of people was pouring out of a large oblong brick church in a populous neighborhood on the Surrey side of Blackfriars Bridge. It was a hot evening, and the faces of the congregation bore evidences of the high temperature within the church. Even the dusty streets and tainted atmosphere outside appeared cool and fragrant by contrast. The daylight had not yet faded from the sky, although the sun had gone down, reddening the haze and smoke of London until he looked like a golden ball cast into a flaming furnace. The Reverend Decimus Fluke had been preaching a charity sermon for the benefit of some ragged schools in the oblong church; and the Reverend Decimus Fluke's name had traveled beyond the limits of his own parish and his own town as that of a zealous and powerful preacher of sound evangelical doctrine. He was looked upon as a shining light of the Low Church party, and the announcement of his name had attracted a large congregation. It was a well-dressed, well-to-do congregation, assembled from a wide circuit round. From Camberwell, Clapham, Brixton, and even Peckham Rye, the citizens and the citizens' wives and daughters had made long pilgrimages to hear what one old lady called "a good strong sermon;" and, it is to be hoped, also with some design of benefiting the ragged scholars on whose behalf they were appealed to. But Miss Fluke's pious hope that the good seed would be sown by her father's instrumentality among the very wretched population of the neighborhood seemed likely to be frustrated, for even the ordinary frequenters of the oblong church did not belong to any thing like so poor a class as the majority of the inhabitants of the district. The very poor, the real laboring people, did not go to church, or at any rate did not go to that church. The incumbent, an old friend of Mr. Fluke, had invited that gentleman and his daughter to pass the remainder of the evening at his house. Mr. Lubbock, the curate, also an old acquaintance of the Flukes, and formerly of Eastfield, was to be of the party. They all came out of the vestry together, avoiding the crowd. At the gate a close carriage was drawn up, and some ladies and gentlemen were making their way to it across the stream of people.

"There," cried Miss Fluke, "are Augusta and the Charlewoods." The party from the vestry paused to accost them. There were Mr. and Mrs. Malachi Dawson, and Clement with his mother on his arm. When greetings had been interchanged, and a word or two said about the sermon, Miss Fluke demanded to know why Penelope and Walter had not availed themselves of that opportunity of edifying themselves. Mrs. Charlewood looked nervous. Augusta raised her eyes and gave a little sigh, intended to express the hopelessness of her brother's and sister's spiritual condition.

"My sister Penelope prefers attending a place of worship in our immediate neighborhood. I am unable to inform you why Walter did not think fit to come with us," said Clement, gravely.

"I'm going to Augusta's 'ouse with her," said Mrs. Charlewood. "She 'as asked me to stay the night there, and Clement will call for me tomorrow."

It was, in fact, Malachi Dawson who had invited his wife's mother to accompany them home; but poor Mrs. Charlewood was eager to exhibit Augusta in an amiable light. The three got into the carriage that was waiting.

"Can we set you down any where, Miss Fluke?" asked Augusta, as the servant was putting up the steps. Miss Fluke drew herself up rigidly, shut her eyes very tight, opened them

very wide, shook her head violently, and replied with emphasis:

"Oh no, thank you; oh dear no. Not on any account whatever. I never ride in a coach on the Lord's Day. 'Thy cattle,' you know, Augusta. It's expressly mentioned. 'Thy cattle,' and 'thy man-servant,' too, you recollect."

"Good-by, mother," said Clement. "I will come for you on my way home to-morrow."

"And, Clem dear," cried Mrs. Charlewood, leaning out of the window, and speaking very earnestly, "don't, above all, forget to tell Watty that I shall not be 'ome to-night."

"No, no, mother."

"Remember, love, *you've promised.*"

The carriage drove away, and left the little group standing just outside the church gate.

"If you are going home your way lies for some distance in our direction, Charlewood," said Mr. Fluke.

Then the two elder clergymen moved away arm in arm, and the curate, with incomprehensible want of gallantry, hurried on to join them. Miss Fluke and Clement were left standing side by side. Under the circumstances there was nothing for it but for Clement to offer her his arm. She took it. If I were to say she seized it, the expression might not be too strong to convey the energy of Miss Fluke's action. They walked on in the wake of the three clergymen, tracking their black-coated figures through the crowd of passers-by. All the world seemed to be in the streets enjoying the twilight after the sultry glare of the day. It was not a quite easy task to steer Miss Fluke through a London thoroughfare. Her mode of progression was uncompromising. She turned neither to the right nor to the left, but pressed on valiantly with squared shoulders. This led to occasional complications of an unpleasant nature, and the frequent repetition of the angry question, "Where are you shoving to?" Presently they lost sight of the three black coats before them.

"I suppose you know the address of the house you are going to?" said Clement.

"No; I do not," replied Miss Fluke, in a firm cheerful voice.

Clement stared at her. The position was not an agreeable one.

"Had we not better press on, then, a little, and try to rejoin your party?" he suggested.

"I *know* we have to go across Blackfriars Bridge," said Miss Fluke.

It was at least a point to steer toward, and they hastened on at a round pace. They were now in a labyrinth of poor streets. Long lines of one-story houses, their fronts smeared with grime in streaks like the traces of tears on a dirty face. Most of the doors were wide open, and children swarmed up and down the steps. Men in their shirt-sleeves stood at the open doors, smoking. At one house which they passed a tall, dark, melancholy man, with tangled black hair, was leaning against the side-posts of the front-door. He had a pipe between his teeth, but it had either never been lighted, or had gone out. He stood quite still with folded arms, and they saw him from a long distance as they came up the straight narrow street. When they were within a few yards of him his eyes fell upon Miss Fluke and her companion, and quite suddenly he turned and entered the little house, shutting the door after him. Miss Fluke stopped short, with a cogitating expression of countenance.

"Now, *where* have I seen that man?" she said. "His face is familiar to me—*most* familiar."

"I don't know, really," said Clement, trying to urge her forward again. "We had better be moving; it will be so exceedingly disagreeable for you if you lose your friends."

Miss Fluke continued to stand still in a meditative manner. You could not say she looked *placid;* she was always too obviously brimful of latent activity for that; but she appeared as impervious to the fact that she was blocking up the narrow foot-pavement as a steam locomotive might have been. A large dog that had tried to pass her, first on one side and then on the other, now made a rush, and squeezed himself between Miss Fluke's muslin skirts and the wall, causing her to stagger for an instant. Clement took advantage of the circumstance to pull her forward by the arm that rested on his, so they got under way again.

"That dog is going to the house where the man was," said Miss Fluke, looking over her shoulder and speaking very loud. "Yes; see, he is sitting on the door-step waiting for somebody. Now I *wonder* where I can have seen that man's face! It is *most* familiar."

If it were difficult to steer Miss Fluke through the streets when she looked before her, it became almost impossible to do so when she walked with her head turned over her shoulder. Clement was almost in despair, when he spied a black-robed messenger of deliverance coming toward them. It was Mr. Lubbock, sent back to fetch Miss Fluke and guide her to her father.

"We missed you, and feared that you might not know the way," said Mr. Lubbock, saluting Clement.

The latter resigned his precious charge to the care of the curate. "My road lies in the opposite direction," he said—"I am sorry to record—untruthfully. Miss Fluke shook hands with him and walked off with Mr. Lubbock, whom she speedily involved in dire confusion by reiterated and all-embracing questions as to the spiritual state of the poor in his parish.

Clement stood for one instant watching them, and was turning to pursue his own way, when the big dog bounced up to him again, and at the same moment a small hand was put into his, and a sweet voice said, timidly, "Mr. Charlewood, won't you speak to me?"

"Corda?" he cried, in surprise. "Corda Trescott!"

"Yes," said Corda, smiling and panting, with the delicate color changing in her cheeks, "it is Corda Trescott, that you were so good to."

"Are you alone, Corda?"

"Oh no; that gentleman has been taking me for a country walk. He is very kind, and often takes me out when papa has not time to go with me."

Corda pointed down the street to the house where the dog had been waiting, and at the door of which a queer hatchet-faced old man was standing, leaning on a knotted stick.

"This is his dog," continued Corda. "*Such* a clever dog! See, he knows I'm speaking of him; and he knows that you are a friend of mine too, else he would bark at you."

"Do you live in that house?" asked Clement. He was pleased to see the child, but yet there was a pain in it too.

"We don't live in this street, but close by. That house is where the gentleman—the dog's master—lodges. And who do you think is his landlady, Mr. Charlewood? You'll never guess, I'm sure. Mrs. Hutchins! She and her husband have come to live in London."

Clement was less surprised than Corda had expected. "And do you know, Corda," said he, smiling, "that you have narrowly escaped seeing another old friend of yours? Now I challenge *you* to guess who it was." Corda's face grew burning red, and she cast down her eyes.

"I know," she said, in a whisper. "Yes, I saw her with you. It was Miss Fluke. I hid till she had gone away. I hope it wasn't wrong. Lately I feel so frightened, and my heart beats so when any one talks loud to me, or—or—goes on like Miss Fluke. But I know she means to be kind."

Clement was in no mood to blame Corda's avoidance of Miss Fluke with great severity.

"Good-by, Corda," he said, taking both the child's hands in one of his. "Or stay—shall I give you into your friend's charge, or shall I take you home myself?"

Corda hesitated for a moment. Then she said, "It would save him the trouble if you wouldn't mind."

"Not at all, Corda. Kind Fate has ordained that I shall be a squire of dames to-day; but, thank Heaven, there are dames and dames—eh, Corda?"

The child ran on in advance, and said a few words to the hatchet-faced old man. He slightly touched his hat to Clement as the latter passed, and then went into the house, calling his dog in after him. Clement was struck by the oddity of the old man's appearance. He was shabby and grotesque, and yet the manner in which he had saluted Clement had been that of a gentleman. Altogether, he seemed to belong to a class of which Clement had no knowledge.

"What is your friend, Corda?" he asked of the little girl.

"He is a second old man, Mr. Charlewood," replied Corda, innocently.

"*A second old man!*"

"Yes; he used to be a first old man in Ireland. He is very kind in reality, though he may seem cross at first, when you don't know him."

"Oh, he is a stage performer," said Clement, on whom the little girl's meaning had flashed suddenly.

"Yes; but we are nearly at home," cried Corda, eagerly, "and I haven't told you about my seeing Miss Mabel. I went to her house at Highgate and staid the day. And I am to go again. And they were so kind to me. And Dooley is very well and strong now. And oh, Mr. Charlewood, isn't Miss Mabel sweet? When she smiles I think she is like a picture. Don't you?"

Clement made some inarticulate sound that Corda accepted as an affirmative. "I shall tell her," she went on—"I shall tell her that I have seen you. You and she are my two best friends. I'm so glad! I always think of you when I am with Miss Mabel."

"No need to trouble her about me, Corda. She would not care—we never see—I have no opportunity of seeing Miss Earnshaw now. Is this your house? Good-by, Corda."

"Good-by, and thank you so very much," replied the child, in a subdued manner. Her quick sensibility had detected that something had jarred on Clement's feelings. She had not entered the sitting-room many minutes when her father came in from the street.

"Got back all safe, little one?" said he.

"Yes, papa dear. Where's Alf?"

"He won't be home to dinner, nor perhaps to-night. I have just left him, and he asked me to answer a note for him. It's from the music-publisher that Lady Popham wished to consult about Alf. Alf said the note was in the pocket of the old coat he wears at home. You'll find it in his room. Bring it down, my darling."

Corda, delighted to be of use, ran up stairs, and, taking the coat from the chair on which it lay, put her hand into the breast-pocket. The lining was torn, and Corda's slender fingers slipped down, not into the pocket, but between the cloth and the lining. She felt a paper and pulled it out. "I suppose this is the right one," said she to herself, and unfolded it to assure herself that it was so. The child had not read ten words before she became deadly white. Her hands and her whole frame trembled violently. She stood rooted to the ground, with her bright eyes distended and fixed upon the paper. Mr. Trescott, meanwhile, was drumming irritably with his fingers on the table down stairs.

"Corda!" he called at length, standing at the foot of the stairs. "Corda, are you coming?" Then he limped up to Alfred's room. As Corda heard his footstep approaching she thrust the paper in the breast of her frock, and seeing her white face in the glass, she rubbed the pale cheeks roughly and hastily with her hands, to bring the color back.

"My child, what in the name of fate are you doing? Where is this note?" asked Mr. Trescott, impatiently.

"I can't find it, papa."

Corda's voice was husky, and she panted for breath as though she had been running quickly.

"Can't find it? Nonsense! Here it is in the outside pocket, the very first thing I come to! You are not apt to be so stupid, little one."

"Papa, I'm so—so tired—and I feel—giddy."

He caught her in his arms as she reeled forward. He laid her tenderly on the bed, called for assistance, cried over her, kissed her, and reproached her, all in a breath.

"Come here," he said to the servant who ran up stairs at his loud vehement call. "Come here and undress her. Put her into the bed, quick, quick! But gently, gently. Don't be so rough, woman! Good God, she's the tenderest little creature! Ah, Corda, naughty wicked Corda, you have been walking too far; overtaxing your strength! My darling pet, it's not your fault. It's that infernal fool of an old man. Why did I let you go with him? I'll get her some wine. There is some of Alfred's down stairs. Don't stir from her, woman, until I come back. Corda, Corda, my pretty one! My little gentle darling!"

The child was conscious, and tried to smile and thank him. When the servant began to undress her she put her hand into her breast, drew it out fast clenched, and kept it so. They made her swallow some wine, and she lay very still and submissive in the bed. "Go and write your note, papa," she said. "I am quite well now. I will be very still, but I should like to be quite by myself, please."

"No, no: Mary must stay with you."

"*Please* not, dear papa! I shall not want any thing."

He remonstrated, but she begged so hard that he had not the heart to refuse her. He could never be obdurate to Corda's pleadings.

"Go to sleep, my little lamb. That will be best for you. Go to sleep."

In the course of an hour or so he came up again, listened at the door, and then softly entered and looked at her. She seemed to be peacefully asleep. But the moment after he had left the room her large hazel eyes were unclosed, and her pale lips formed inaudibly the reiterated sentence: "What shall I do? What shall I do?" over and over again for hours.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

A *snow-storm* was a rarity quite unlooked for when we slipped away into the country to spend the early autumn. "Variety *is* the spice of life," and vastly agreeable in the main; but it certainly did occur to us while watching the snow-flakes whirling through the air last week that Nature was seasoning September in a very *unseasonable* manner. Yes, it was actually on the very last day of "gentle September" when this unwonted occurrence transpired—some time ago, it is true; but that only makes the phenomenon the more strange. We have heard a good aunt, now aged eighty-two, tell of an old-time snow-storm that came the latter part of June, 1816, whitening the ground, blighting the buds, and killing the tender little birds. And this September snow-storm will be remembered as one of the rare weather items.

The day previous had been delightfully warm and pleasant. Evening brought a sudden change. Black clouds hid the stars that had twinkled brightly even in the twilight; and all night the wild winds whistled fiercely through the leafy boughs as though it were bleak December. Morning brought rain, hail, and finally a genuine snow-storm, lasting for hours, though the flakes melted on the ground. The hills and mountains, however, were capped with snow, and an irrepressible shiver came over us at the sight. October seemed bewildered at this strange freak of September, and attempted to keep up the farce; but after one day's efforts was exhausted, and settled down into a mild and gentle state of mind and manner.

The recent violent hail-storm in Philadelphia is estimated to have destroyed not less than $200,000 worth of window-glass. The hail-stones were of extraordinary size, but the exhibition was an expensive one.

"The Forest City" and "The Garden City" are the names of two splendid passenger cars recently built under the supervision of George Platt, architect of this city, for the use of the Southern Michigan Railroad. They are designed to run between Cleveland and Chicago, and are emphatically *Palace Cars,* being most exquisitely finished, and furnished with every convenience and luxury which can promote a traveler's comfort.

Some lazy rogue, who had better use his brains in inventing another way to earn his living, recently demanded fifty cents from two unsophisticated country women, who crossed the Broadway Bridge, stating that it was the established toll for crossing. The fee was paid, though considered rather exorbitant.

It is becoming not uncommon for large dealers in different mercantile departments to connect their various business places by private telegraphs. Orders for goods are taken in one city, or in one part of a city, and instantly transmitted to head-quarters, far distant. Such is the progress of the age.

A quiet town in staid Connecticut is convulsed with the question of the color of its Congregational church, which is to be newly painted. The money is all raised, but some of the men want a white church, while others insist that it shall be yellow, and both have agreed to leave it to the women to decide.

In an address before the Border State Convention at Baltimore, the speaker narrated the following, which is too good to lose: "I know but one black man in Maryland whose position is doubtful. His name is Abe Corts. Some one came to me some time ago and said Abe Corts was a Copperhead. 'Oh,' said I, 'I think that's very true.' The next time I saw Abe I told him. 'They say you're a Copperhead, Abe.' 'Oh yes, Massa John, I'm a Copperhead.' Says I, 'Abe, you're a fool.' 'No, Massa,' says he, 'I'm no fool. Just hear what this nigger has to say. You know I am a pretty old man, and can't read nor write, and ain't got sense enough to learn, and besides, I'm mighty fond of whisky. I never thought I was fit for any thing but to be a Democrat.' That sort of reasoning overcame me, and I surrendered at discretion."

A terrific occurrence recently transpired at Minneapolis, Minnesota. As a citizen was approaching his house, a day or two since, he heard issuing from within screams of terror. His heart sank within him, he sprang forward to the rescue, and rushed frantically into the parlor. The scene which met his eyes beggars description. The sister of his youth, with one of his children frantically clasped in her arms, was standing upon the sofa, apparently upon the verge of hysterics, and the wife of his bosom, with the other child in her arms, was crouched upon the piano, and, oh, horror! in the opposite corner of the room, panting with fright, entirely unconscious of the terror he was the cause of, and trembling for his own safety, was—a *mouse!*

At a recent meeting of the Farmers' Agricultural Club one of the members exhibited an ear of black sweet corn, from the Department of Agriculture at Washington. He said they called it Black Republican sweet corn. He also showed a very small ear of sweet corn, about like pop corn. Whether they call it Democratic corn he did not say.

A colored correspondent of the New Orleans *Times* thus expresses his ideas: "In a few years it will not be a question whether there will be schools for colored children, but it will be whether white children will be admitted to our institutions of learning. The bottom rail is on top, and Yankees, as well as all the minority, *must take a back seat.*"

Railroads in Minnesota have met with a violent opponent. An old farmer in Ramsey County, Minnesota, named O'Conner, determined that a railroad should not be built on his land, took an old blunderbuss and drove off the laborers who had commenced to break ground. The attorney of the road thought to pacify him; but when he appeared the old man raised the terrible instrument, whereupon the attorney cried out, "H-h-h-old—don't shoot!" and retired from the ground behind his law-book barricade. A constable next essayed the task; but he, too, beat a hasty retreat. At last advices O'Conner was still there, having been on guard forty-eight hours without relief.

A Western daily journal contains a column headed "Woman," in which sensation items connected with the sex are placed. Quite as good a column, headed "Man," might be made up, if a smart editor would give his mind to the subject.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE LATE RISING IN SPAIN.—Spain is asleep in more ways than one. We have heard enough of her "late rising." When shall we hear of her "early rising?"

QUESTION FOR MR. BORROW.—Is the bread used by Roman peasants made from the Romany Rye?

To what inn should hungry cattle be sent?—To Gray's.

ON TAKING A WIFE.

Said Sheridan, meeting his son on the way,
"I am thinking 'tis time you were settled in life,
And so, without dally or foolish delay,
I do hope I may hear of you taking a wife."

"Very well," said the other, "your will shall suffice
To decide me what future arrangements to make:
I'll do it; and therefore by way of advice,
Won't you tell me, dear father, whose wife I shall take?"

ANSWER TO A QUERY.—No. Sir Isaac Newton was not called "The Laughing Philosopher" until he discovered gravity.

A colored preacher at the South recently said in a prayer: "O Lord, be pleased to shake your great table-cloth over your hungry children dat dey may be fed with the crumbs of your love!"

A LOVE LYRIC.

I miss her at the break of day,
And muse upon her name;
In all my moods, or grave, or gay,
I miss her just the same.
And when at dusk the zephyr light
Breathes o'er the rippling air,
I wander lonely through the night,
And yet she is not there.

I think of her, and wonder much
With whom she now may be;
The memory of her tone and touch
Alone remains to me.
Another sits beside her now,
Another hears her sighs—
Toys with the ringlets on her brow,
And gazes in her eyes.

Say, shall I groan beneath my grief?
Tell me, shall I repine?
Sink to the sere and yellow leaf—
Since she's no longer mine?
Good gracious! nothing of the kind;
I miss her, it is true;
I miss her, certainly—but, mind,
I'm precious glad I do!

A good story is told of Camp-meeting John Allen. At a social gathering of ministers of different denominations, a Baptist brother made a display of objection to the Methodist polity, because, as he said, there was "too much machinery to it." "Yes," responded Brother Allen, "there is a good deal of machinery, but it don't take so much *water* to run it as the Baptist does."

An essence that yields most—Acqui-escence.

The best stimulant for the Hare—A Greyhound.

A "TALL" ARTIST.—An artist has painted a dog so natural that the animal had the hydrophobia during the hot weather. He's the same man that painted a copy of a beer-bottle with such skill that the cork flew out just as he was finishing it. And after he was married, he painted a picture of his first baby so lifelike that it cried, and his wife spanked it before she discovered her mistake.

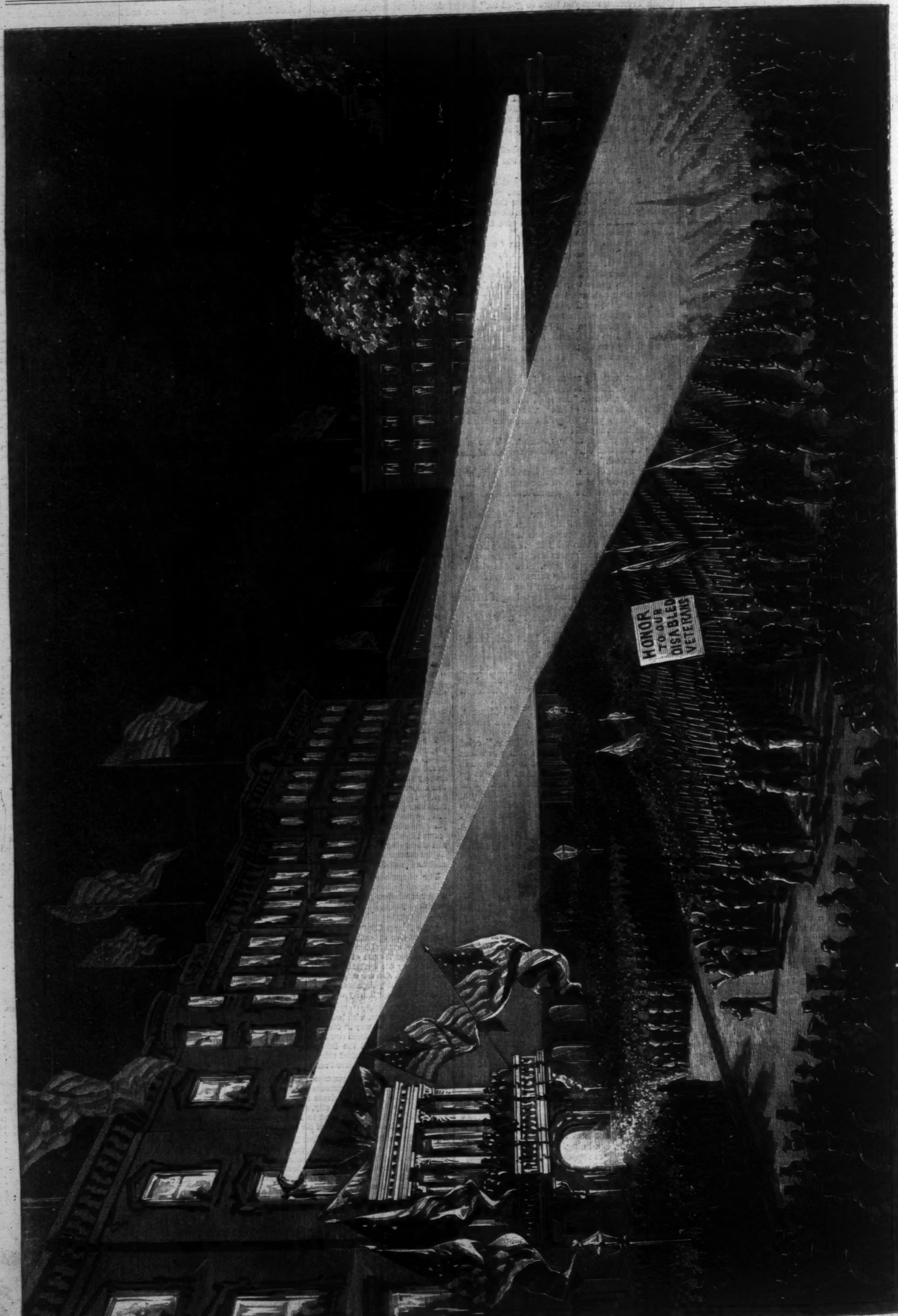
The Peace Congress has terminated most satisfactorily. All the members have been sworn to keep the Peace.

A Tea party—A Chinaman.

Young Henry's in love, I declare!
How the insect keeps fluttering by!
I think, nay, I'd venture to swear,
If I were to frown he would die!

Not wishing the youth any ill,
If he woo me in form for his wife,
As the Bible says "Thou shalt not kill,"
I'll say "Yes," and *transport* him for life!

An Irish bachelor seeing the words "Families supplied" over the door of a shop, stepped in and said he would take a wife and two children.



THE SHERIDAN RECEPTION—SCENE AT NIGHT IN UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK.—Sketched by D. C. Hitchcock.—[See Page 667.]

A. DROVE OF TEXAS CATTLE CROSSING A STREAM.—Sketched by A. R. Waud.—[See Page 666.]

TEXAS CATTLE RAISING.

THE fine alluvial lands of Western Louisiana and Texas are well adapted to stock-raising, and the latter State is the main source from which the Southwest obtains its beef. Stock-raising is the chief occupation of the people; and every man one meets is either a stock-farmer or a stock-drover. Of beef-cattle, oxen, and milch cows, Texas owned, and in 1860 paid taxes on, 3,535,768 head, nearly twice as much as the number raised in New York, and one-seventh of all raised in the United States. Sheep-raising is an occupation in which large numbers of persons are also employed in Texas, and the State annually raises nearly a million sheep. The expense of sheep-raising in the State is so insignificant that many engage in it for the great profit it affords. The shepherds are generally small Indian boys; a couple of whom with the assistance of a sheep-dog will attend to a herd of 2000 head of sheep. The Texas sheep-dogs are a fine and valuable breed; and are so trained that the sheep will follow their bark as they do a shepherd's call. The "keep" of a good dog and a couple of shepherd-boys are the only expenses necessary to sheep-raising in Texas, the animals grazing wherever and on whose lands they like.

Owing to the unsettled condition of the State many peculiarities of interest are noted in the manner of raising the animals. The existence and duties of a stock-farmer of Texas are very different from those of a New England breeder of beef-cattle and sheep. Where a New England farmer owns a dozen cows a Texas farmer raises a hundred. For every fence which subdivides a New England farm a Texas farm can boast hardly a rail: there are no pounds there, no laws against vagrant cattle; the animals rove over the vast prairies unattended, but not unclaimed. As there is no confining them within inclosures, and no watching them as with shepherds, a system of brands is used to identify them. Each owner has his private mark with which he brands, with a red-hot iron, every calf or colt which belongs to him, and he then turns it loose into the prairie. Many of the animals stray to a great distance from "home," and the owners are obliged to keep standing advertisements in the paper offering rewards for their return. These advertisements are generally headed by a *fac-simile* of the brand of the owner, something in the style of advertised trade-marks, and they not only form a unique column of the Texas newspaper, but is also its chief support. The most of the advertisements, after calling attention to "My horse and cattle brand," and offering the "regular price for bringing up cows with young and unbranded calves," generally wind up with a notice to all unauthorized persons not to "sell my beeves or *milk* my cows."

Vast numbers of these cattle are driven on foot to the Mississippi River, and, after crossing it, into the interior of the cotton States. Our illustration on page 665 shows a drove of them crossing a stream. A drove of five hundred cattle is usually accompanied by a dozen men, drivers, cook, etc., mounted upon mustang ponies, a wild set, who plunge in and out of rivers, or rush in among stampeders in the most reckless way. At night the cattle rest and feed, some of the men sleeping under a smudge of smoking grass and brush to keep off mosquitoes, while others ride around the herd upon watch. If the weather is very hot it is not unusual to travel part of the night and rest by day.

BIRDS OF PREY.

By the Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.

Book VII.—Charlotte's Engagement.

CHAPTER VIII.—(*Concluded.*)

AFTER luncheon the lovers went for a walk in Kensington Gardens, with Diana Paget to play propriety.

"You will come with us, won't you, dear Di?" pleaded Charlotte. "You have been looking pale and ill lately, and I am sure a walk will do you good."

Valentine seconded his liege lady's request; and the three spent a couple of hours pacing briskly to and fro in the lonelier parts of the gardens, leaving the broad walks for the cockneys, who mustered strong upon this seasonable Christmas afternoon.

For two out of those three that wintry walk was rapture only too fleeting. For the third it was passive endurance. The agonies that had but lately rent Diana's breast when she had seen those two together no longer tortured her. The scorpion sting was beginning to lose its venomous power. She suffered still, but her suffering was softened by resignation. There is a limit to the capacity for pain in every mind. Diana had borne her share of anguish, and to those sharp throes and bitter torments there had succeeded a passive sense of sorrow that was almost peace.

"I have lost him," she said to herself. "Life can never bring me much joy; but I should be worse than weak if I spent my existence in the indulgence of my sorrow. I should be one of the vilest wretches upon this earth if I could not teach myself to witness the happiness of my friend without repining."

Miss Paget had not arrived at this frame of mind without severe struggles. Many times, in the long wakeful nights, in the slow joyless days, she had said to herself "Peace, peace," when there was no peace. But at the last the real peace, the true balm of Gilead, was given in answer to her prayers, and the weary soul tasted the sweetness of repose. She had wrestled with the demon, and had vanquished her foe.

To-day, as she walked beside the lovers and listened to their happy, frivolous talk, she felt like a mother who had seen the man she loved won from her by her own daughter, and who had resigned herself to the ruin of all her hopes for love of her child.

There was more genial laughter and pleasant converse at Mr. Sheldon's dinner-table that evening than was usual at that hospitable board; but the stock-broker himself contributed little to the merriment of the party. He was quiet, and even thoughtful, and let the talk and laughter go by him without any attempt to take his part in it. After dinner he went to his own room, while Valentine and the ladies sat round the fire in the orthodox Christmas manner, and, after a good deal of discursive conversation, subsided into the telling of ghost-stories.

George Sheldon sat apart from the circle, turning over the books upon the table, or peering into a stereoscope with an evident sense of extreme weariness. This kind of domestic evening was a manner of life which Mr. Sheldon of Gray's Inn denounced as "slow;" and he submitted himself to the endurance of it this evening only because he did not know where else to bestow his presence.

"I don't think papa cares much about ghost-stories, does he, uncle George?" Charlotte asked, by way of saying something to the gentleman, who seemed so very dreary as he sat yawning over the books and stereoscopes.

"I don't suppose he does, my dear."

"And do you think he believes in ghosts?" the young lady demanded, laughingly.

"No, I'm sure he doesn't," replied George, very seriously.

"Why, how solemnly you say that!" cried Charlotte, a little startled by George Sheldon's manner, in which there had been an earnestness not quite warranted by the occasion.

"I was thinking of your father—not my brother Phil. He died in Philip's house, you know; and if Phil believed in ghosts he would scarcely have liked living in that house afterward, you see, and so on. But he went on living there for a twelvemonth longer. It seemed just as good as any other house to him, I suppose."

Hereupon Georgy dissolved into tears, and told the company how she had fled from the house in which her first husband had died immediately after the funeral.

"And I'm sure the gentlemanly manner in which your step-papa behaved during all that dreadful time, Charlotte, is beyond all praise," continued the lady, turning to her daughter; "so thoughtful, so kind, so patient. I'm sure what I should have done if poor Tom's illness had happened in a strange house I don't know. And I have no doubt that the new doctor, Mr. Burkham, did his duty, though his manner was not as decided as I should have wished."

"Mr. Burkham!" cried Valentine. "What Burkham is that? We've a member of the Ragamuffins called Burkham, a surgeon, who does a little in the literary line."

"The Mr. Burkham who attended my poor dear husband was a very young man," answered Georgy; "a fair man, with a fresh color and a hesitating manner. I should have been so much better satisfied if he had been older."

"That is the man," said Valentine. "The Burkham I know is fresh-colored and fair, and can not be much over thirty."

"Are you and he particularly intimate?" asked George Sheldon, carelessly.

"Oh dear no, not at all! We speak to each other when we happen to meet—that's all. He seems a nice fellow enough; and he evidently hasn't much practice, or he couldn't afford to be a Ragamuffin, and to write farces. He looks to me exactly the kind of modest, deserving man who ought to succeed, and who so seldom does."

This was all that was said about Mr. Burkham; but there was no more talk of ghost-stories, and a temporary depression fell upon the little assembly. The memory of her father had always a saddening influence upon Charlotte; and it needed many tender *sotto-voce* speeches from Valentine to bring back the smiles to her fair young face.

The big electro-plated tea-tray and massive silver tea-pot made their appearance presently, and immediately after came Mr. Sheldon.

"I want to have a little talk with you after tea, Hawkehurst," he said, as he took his own cup from Georgy's hand, and proceeded to imbibe the beverage standing. "If you'll come out into the garden and have a cigar I can say all I have to say in a very few minutes; and then we can come in here for a rubber. Georgy is a very decent player; and my brother George plays as good a rubber as any man at the Conservative or the Reform."

Valentine's heart sank within him. What could Mr. Sheldon want with a few minutes' talk if not to revoke his gracious permission of some days before—the permission that had been accorded in ignorance of Charlotte's pecuniary advantages? The young man looked very pale as he went to smoke his cigar in Mr. Sheldon's garden: Charlotte followed him with anxious eyes, and wondered at the sudden gravity of his manner. George Sheldon was also puzzled by his brother's desire for a *tête-à-tête*.

"What new move is Phil going to make?" he asked himself.

The two men lit their cigars, and got them well under way before Mr. Sheldon began to talk.

"When I gave my consent to receive you as Miss Halliday's suitor, my dear Hawkehurst," he said at last, "I told you that I was acting as very few men of the world would act, and I only told you the truth. Since giving you that consent I have made a very startling discovery, and one that places me in quite a new position with regard to this matter."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, Mr. Hawkehurst: I have become aware of the fact that Miss Halliday, the girl whom I thought entirely dependent upon my generosity, is heir-at-law to a large fortune. You will of course perceive how entirely this alters the position of affairs."

"I do perceive," Valentine answered, earnestly; "but I trust you will believe that I had not the faintest idea of Miss Halliday's position when I asked her to be my wife. As to my love for her, I can scarcely tell you when that began; but I think it must have dated from the first hour in which I saw her, for I can remember no period at which I did *not* love her."

"If I did not believe you superior to any mercenary motives, you would not have been under my roof to-day, Mr. Hawkehurst," said the stock-broker, with extreme gravity. "The discovery of my step-daughter's position gives me no pleasure. Her claim to this wealth only increases my responsibility with regard to her, and responsibility is what I would willingly avoid. After all due deliberation, therefore, I have decided that this discovery need make no alteration in your position as Charlotte's future husband. If you were worthy of her when she was without fortune, you are not less worthy now."

"Mr. Sheldon," cried Valentine, with considerable emotion, "I did not expect so much generosity at your hands."

"No," replied the stock-broker, "the popular idea of a business-man is not particularly agreeable. I do not, however, pretend to any thing like generosity; I wish to take a common-sense view of the affair, but not an illiberal one."

"You have shown so much generosity of feeling that I can no longer sail under false colors," said Valentine, after a brief pause. "Until a day or two ago I was bound to secrecy by a promise made to your brother. But his communication of Miss Halliday's rights to you sets me at liberty, and I must tell you that which may possibly cause you to withdraw your confidence."

Hereupon Mr. Hawkehurst revealed his share in the researches which had resulted in the discovery of Miss Halliday's claim to a large fortune. He entered into no details. He told Mr. Sheldon only that he had been the chief instrument in bringing about this important discovery.

"I can only repeat what I said just now," he added, in conclusion. "I have loved Charlotte Halliday from the beginning of our acquaintance, and I declared myself some days before I discovered her position. I trust this confession will in nowise alter your estimate of me."

"It would be a poor return for your candor if I were to doubt your voluntary statement, Hawkehurst," answered the stock-broker. "No, I shall not withdraw my confidence. And if your researches should ultimately lead to the advancement of my step-daughter, there will be only poetical justice in your profiting more or less by that advancement. In the mean time we can not take matters too quietly. I am not a sanguine person, and I know how many hearts have been broken by the High Court of Chancery. This grand discovery of yours may result in nothing but disappointment and waste of money, or it may end as pleasantly as my brother and you seem to expect. All I ask is, that poor Charlotte's innocent heart may not be tortured by a small lifetime of suspense. Let her be told nothing that can create hope in the present or disappointment in the future. She appears to be perfectly happy in her present position, and it would be worse than folly to disturb her by vague expectations that may never be realized. She will have to make affidavits, and so on, by-and-by, I dare say; and when that time comes she must be told there is some kind of suit pending in which she is concerned. But she need not be told how nearly that suit concerns her, or the extent of her alleged claim. You see, my dear Hawkehurst, I have seen so much of this sort of thing, and the misery involved in it, that I may be forgiven if I am cautious."

This was putting the whole affair in a new light. Until this moment Valentine had fancied that, the chain of evidence once established, Charlotte's claim had only to be asserted in order to place her in immediate possession of the Haygarth estate. But Mr. Sheldon's cool and matter-of-fact discussion of the subject implied all manner of doubt and difficulty, and the Haygarthian thousands seemed carried away to the most remote and shadowy regions of Chancery land, as by the waves of some legal ocean.

"And you really think it would be better not to tell Charlotte?"

"I am sure of it. If you wish to preserve her from all manner of worry and annoyance you will take care to keep her in the dark until the affair is settled—supposing it ever should be settled. I have known such an affair to outlast the person interested."

"You take a very despondent view of the matter."

"I take a practical view of it. My brother George is a monomaniac on the next-of-kin subject."

"I can not quite reconcile myself to the idea of concealing the truth from Charlotte."

"That is because you do not know the world as well as I do," answered Mr. Sheldon, coolly.

"I can not imagine that the idea of this claim would have any disturbing influence upon her," Valentine argued, thoughtfully. "She is the last person in the world to care about money."

"Perhaps so. But there is a kind of intoxication in the idea of a large fortune—an intoxication that no woman of Charlotte's age could stand against. Tell her that she has a claim to considerable wealth, and from that moment she will count upon the possession of that wealth, and shape all her plans for the future upon that basis. 'When I get my fortune I will do this, that, and the other.' *That* is what she will be continually saying to herself; and by-and-by, when the affair results in failure, as it very likely will, there will remain a sense of disappointment which will last for a lifetime, and go far to embitter all the ordinary pleasures of Charlotte's existence."

"I am inclined to think you are right," said Valentine, after some little deliberation. "My darling girl is perfectly happy as it is. It may be wisest to tell her nothing."

"I am quite sure of that," replied Mr. Sheldon. "Of course her being enlightened or not can be in no way material to me. It is a subject upon which I can afford to be entirely disinterested."

"I will take your advice, Mr. Sheldon."

"So be it. In that case matters will remain *in statu quo*. You will be received in this house as my step-daughter's future husband, and it is an understood thing that your marriage is not to take place without due consultation with me. I am to have a voice in the business."

"Most decidedly. It is only right that you should be deferred to."

This brought the interview to a close very pleasantly. The gentlemen went back to the house, and Valentine found himself presently seated at a whist-table with the brothers Sheldon, and Georgy, who played very well, in a feeble kind of way, holding religiously by all the precepts of Hoyle, and in evident fear of her husband and brother-in-law. Charlotte and Diana played duets while the whist progressed, with orthodox silence and solemnity on the part of the four players. Valentine's eyes wandered very often to the piano, and he was in nowise sorry when the termination of a conquering rubber set him at liberty. He contrived to secure a brief *tête-à-tête* with his Charlotte while he helped her in the arrangement of the books on the music-stand, and then the shrill chime of the clock on the mantle-piece, and an audible yawn from Philip Sheldon, told him that he must go.

"Providence has been very good to us," he said in an under-tone, as he bade Miss Halliday good-night. "Your stepfather's conduct is all that is kind and thoughtful, and there is not a cloud upon our future. Good-night, and God bless you, my dearest! I think I shall always consider this my first Christmas-day. I never knew till to-day how sweet and holy this anniversary can be."

He walked to Cumberland Gate in company with George Sheldon, who preserved a sulky gravity which was by no means agreeable.

"You have chosen your own course," he said at parting; "and I only hope the result may prove your wisdom. But, as I think I may have remarked before, you don't know my brother Phil as well as I do."

"Your brother has behaved with such extreme candor and good feeling toward me that I would really rather not hear any of your unpleasant innuendoes against him. I hate that 'I could an if I would' style of talk, and while I occupy my present position in your brother's house I can not consent to hear any thing to his discredit."

"That's a very tall animal you've taken to riding lately, my friend Hawkehurst," said George; "and when a man rides the high horse with me I always let him have the benefit of his *monture*. You have served yourself without consideration for me, and I shall not trouble myself in the future with any regard for you or your interests. But if harm ever comes to you or yours through my brother Philip, remember that I warned you. Good-night."

In Charlotte's room the cheery little fire burned late upon that frosty night, while the girl sat in her dressing-gown dreamily brushing her soft brown hair, and meditating upon the superhuman merits and graces of her lover.

It was more than an hour after the family had retired, when there came a cautious tapping at Charlotte's door. "It is only I, dear," said a low voice; and before Charlotte could answer the door was opened, and Diana came in, and went straight to the hearth by which her friend was sitting.

"I am so wakeful to-night, Lotta," she said; "and the light under your door tempted me to come in for a few minutes' chat."

"My dearest Di, you know how glad I always am to see you."

"Yes, dear, I know that you are only too good to me—and I have been so wayward, so ungracious. Oh, Charlotte, I know my coldness has wounded you during the last few months."

"I have been just a little hurt now and then, dear, when you have seemed not to care for me, or to sympathize with me in all my joys and sorrows; but then it has been selfish of me to expect so much sympathy, and I know that, if your manner is cold, your heart is noble."

"No, Lotta, it is not noble. It is a wicked heart."

"Diana!"

"Yes," said Miss Paget, kneeling by her friend's chair, and speaking with suppressed energy; "it has been a wicked heart, wicked because your happiness has been torture to it."

"Diana!"

"Oh, my dearest one, do not look at me with those innocent, wondering eyes. You will hate me, perhaps, when you know all. Oh no, no, no, you will not hate—you will pity and forgive me. I loved him, dear; he was my companion, my only friend; and there was a time—long ago—before he had ever seen your face, when I fancied that he cared for me, and would get to love me—as I loved him—unasked, uncared for. Oh, Charlotte, you can never know what I have suffered. It is not in your nature to comprehend what such a woman as I can suffer. I loved him so dearly, I clung so wickedly, so madly to my old hopes, my old dreams, long after they had become the falsest hopes, the wildest dreams that ever had power over a distracted mind. But, my darling, it is past; and I come to you on this Christmas night to tell you that I have conquered my stubborn heart,

and that from this time forward there shall be no cloud between you and me."

"Diana, my dear friend, my poor girl!" cried Charlotte, quite overcome; "you loved him, you—as well as I—and I have robbed you of his heart!"

"No, Charlotte, it was never mine."

"You loved him—all the time you spoke so harshly of him!"

"When I seemed most harsh I loved him most. But do not look at me with such distress in your sweet face, my dear. I tell you that the worst pain is past and gone. The rest is very easy to bear, and to outlive. These things do not last forever, Charlotte, whatever the poets and novelists may tell us. If I had not lived through the worst I should not be here to-night, with your arm round my neck and his name upon my lips. I have never wished you joy until to-night, Charlotte, and now for the first time I can wish you all good things, in honesty and truth. I have conquered myself. I do not say that to me Valentine Hawkehurst can ever be quite what other men are. I think that to the end of my life there will be a look in his face, a tone of his voice, that will touch me more deeply than any other look or tone upon earth; but my love for you has overcome my love for him, and there is no hidden thought in my mind to-night as I sit at your feet, and pray for God's blessing on your choice."

"My darling Diana, I know not how to thank you, how to express my faith and my love!"

"I doubt if I am worthy of your love, dear; but, with God's help, I will be worthy of your trust; and if ever there should come a day in which my love can succor or my devotion serve you there shall be no lack of either. Listen, dear; there are the waits playing the sweet Christmas hymn. Do you remember what Shakspeare says about the 'bird of dawning' singing all night long, and how no evil spirit roams abroad at this dear season—

'So hallowed and so gracious is the time?'

I have conquered my evil spirit, Lotta, and there shall be peace and true love between us for ever more—shall there not, dearest friend?"

And thus ends the story of Diana Paget's girlish love—the love that had grown up in secret, to be put away from her heart in silence, and buried with the dead dreams and fancies that had fostered it. For her to-night the romance of life closed forever. For Charlotte the sweet story was newly begun, and the opening chapters were very pleasant—the mystic volume seemed all delight. Blessed with her lover's devotion, her mother's approval, and even Mr. Sheldon's benign approbation, what more could she ask from Providence—what lurking dangers could she fear—what storm-cloud could she perceive upon the sunlit heavens?

There was a cloud, no bigger than a man's hand, but the harbinger of tempest and terror. It yet remains to be shown what form that cloud assumed, and from what quarter the tempest came. The history of Charlotte Halliday has grown upon the writer; and the completion of that history, with the fate of John Haygarth's fortune, will be told under the title of

CHARLOTTE'S INHERITANCE.

LOISETTE.

It was a divine May morning when I set out to walk to Summerfield, and I felt more hopeful of success than I had ever done before. I had determined that that day should decide my fate. All through the winter and the early spring I had loved Loisette, and a hundred times I had longed and yearned to tell her so, and to ask her to be my wife, and each time something—I could hardly say what—struck me silent.

She liked me, I knew, but did she love me? Something in her eyes seemed to lead me to hope she did; such eyes they were, loving, and tender, and shy. When I looked into their soft depths all the most delightful descriptions of eyes I had ever read used to come across me, "les portes de l'amour," "des bluets doux comme les yeux;" above all, Calderon's tender refrain,

Sweetest eyes were ever seen.

When she looked at me with those eyes, then it seemed to me I might "tell her all that was in my heart," and take her to mine unforbidden. But the next moment, as if she guessed and half feared my thought, she turned away slyly, and her manner altered, and my heart shrunk back in fear and sorrow.

But at last I felt I could endure this suspense no longer. I must know the best or the worst. If she were to be mine, such a home and such a life as I had planned, and hoped, and dreamed of ever since I first knew her, should be prepared; if she were not for me, then I should leave England, and break away from that and all other home-ties, and try to bear it like a man somewhere away from all that should unman me.

But that May-day, as I started forth and walked along briskly through the up and down lanes of the lovely Hertfordshire country; now, shut in between banks tufted with ferns, overrun with the exquisite small-leaved ivy, crowned with lavish May; now, emerging upon sweeps of hill and dips of valley, crossing commons ablaze with gorse, traversing woodland paths where bluebells spread their sheets of azure, and lingering primroses starred mossy banks; Heaven! how I remember it all! That May-day hope seemed as strong and as full of spring and life and vigor as my own limbs. I strode on, thinking of the eyes that would look up their soft welcome to mine, and of the warm little hand that I should clasp, and perhaps then claim as mine, my very own, while life should last. It seemed to me that such feelings could not but be prophetic.

"If I find her in the garden," I thought, "I will look upon it as a good omen; I will not let the time go by, I will seize the opportunity and speak to her at once."

I got to the cottage and opened the garden-gate. As I stepped inside I saw her, a little way down the path, in her dainty morning gown and broad garden hat, filling the basket that hung on her arm with flowers, and softly singing to herself. I stopped on the lawn; I wanted to come upon her unawares, and test the effect of my sudden appearance, which I could not do if the sound of my foot on the gravel should betray my approach: thus I got close to her before she knew I was near. She started violently, and the color rushed to her cheek. The slightest thing would bring it—I have seen her flush at the sudden rising of a bird from the thicket. The next moment she smiled and held out her hand. "Oh, it is you! You startled me. I had no idea any body was near," and the sweet eyes were raised to mine trustingly. "Won't you come in?"

"Not if I may stay out—unless you are tired?"

"Oh no, I am never tired of being in the garden. So you'll help me to gather my flowers; see, you can reach up to those sprays of honeysuckle; get some of the best, the rosiest, for me."

"Ah, how delicious!" she said, inhaling the fragrance with deep ecstatic inspirations, and she held up to me the blossom that had just touched her face. I kissed the flower; I took the hand that held it; I told her all I had to tell. She stood still, her head bent so that the hat hid her face from me, and I knew not in what spirit she listened till a sigh that was half a sob checked me.

She looked up with a face so full of pain, of pity, of perplexity, of deprecating appeal, that though the hope in my heart sank down I almost felt more for the sorrow in her face than for that in my own soul.

"Forgive me," she said. "I am so grieved. I ought to have told you. I did not know that you—that you cared for me *that* way. I have been engaged these two years. He is in India, and coming back in August. Oh, you don't think I have been coquettish—that I have been knowingly leading you on to this—*do* you?" In her earnestness she laid her hand on mine, and lifted her face with a tremulous mouth, and eyes brimful of tears.

If I had died for it I must have snatched the consolation the moment offered—the last, the only one. I drew her on my heart, holding her close, close; and I stilled the quivering of the lips with twenty kisses.

When I released her she turned her back to me, hid her face in her hands, and sobbed till her frame shook.

"Loisette, Loisette, forgive me! I could not help it! I swear I could not help it, Loisette!"

She shook her head.

"Loisette, think how I love you; think what I feel in knowing all the hope I had of you is gone—gone forever! Loisette, I am going away, where I can never offend you more. Think that what I have done was done in parting with you for the last time—a last farewell, Loisette."

She tried to speak, but sobs made her inarticulate, still I knew she was bitterly reproaching me.

"Yes; I know I have no right to expect forgiveness. I will go. I won't distress you further. But we have at least been friends, dear, and you can not think of that, and let me go forever, without one word."

Still she was silent. I paused and waited; then I flung up my arms, as a man does who has lost all; and with a great groan I turned to leave her. I heard her move, I heard her attempt to speak, and I looked back. Her face was still averted, still covered with one hand. But the other was held out to me, and springing back I took it reverently, and bent my lips upon it.

"God forever bless you, Loisette, the one and only woman in His earth for me!"

"And God bless you and comfort you," she said. "I wish I could have been a better friend to you—I meant to be. Always believe that."

"I will, I do."

And so Loisette and I parted. The May morning was darkened as I passed through the garden gate again. I turned my steps I knew not whither—away where no one could see me. That was the only wish or instinct I had.

I walked miles, seeking rest, and finding none. At last I stopped at a gate, and leaned my arms on it, and looked blindly over the wide landscape spread before me.

As I gazed a dull numbness fell on my sorrow, and my perceptions of outward objects slowly returned.

I watched some children gathering blossoms of the May, and thought what a pity it was they should tear the boughs down so, and destroy so much to secure so little. I watched a stealthy cat creeping through the long undulations of the grass, on the hunt for the poor little tender young rabbits. Up sprang a lark, bursting into ripples of song, and my eye followed him, rising, hovering, rising again, pausing, balancing on the wing, soaring up once more, darting away obliquely, resting a while, but always singing—singing as if he could not cease for his life—then dashing down like a stone and vanishing.

And then my great grief seized me once more, and I dropped on the turf and hid my face in my arms, and cried as I had never cried since I was a boy, when my mother died, and when I thought the world held no more happiness for me.

When our great griefs fall on us we treat them as boys do bonfires. It seems that they can not burn fiercely enough; we heap on them every thing that comes to our hand in the way of fuel; all the tenderest recollections, all the sweetest hopes, all the most blessed anticipations, that make the joy and glory of our lives—that were as wings, lifting us above the earth we trod on. All these are brought out from the store-house of memory and thrown on the pile, making it blaze with inextinguishable fury, or what seems to us so, and we feel a bitter relish in the anguish, and seek to make it more, rather than less, as we stir the heap into fiercer conflagration.

Ah me! Ah me! what a miserable fool I had been, and how was I punished!

I had thought, when in my hopefulness that morning I had contemplated the whole affair, that I had been prepared for this possibility, and could bear it. But, strangely, it had never entered into my calculations that if Loisette were not for me, it could be that she was promised to another; *there* was the sting, the thing so impossible to endure without every fibre of my heart being torn by the agonies of jealousy, in addition to grief. Loisette engaged, Loisette with no love for me, all her love for another! Loisette thinking of him, writing to him, calling him all those tender names that lips like hers seemed made to utter! And in August—in three months—he was coming back, doubtless to claim his bride!

At that thought I sprang up as if a serpent had arisen from the green turf and stung me. I started away so far that it was not till dark that, utterly worn out and exhausted, I reached home. I shall never forget that night, nor the waking in the morning, after a couple of hours' dead sleep.

That day I wrote to my cousin, Sir Edward Haldane, who had just been appointed Governor of New Brunswick, to offer myself as his private secretary: a post he had suggested my taking when his nomination to the place had first been talked of. The answer came. He would be delighted; in less than a fortnight I left England.

"I am so grieved," Mrs. Hamilton had written before this, "so grieved in *every* way." I had not been wrong, then, in fancying I had had her good wishes. "I should have been so glad to have bidden you God-speed by word of mouth before you went, but I feel I ought not to ask you to come. Any way, you have our best wishes, now and ever." Not a word from Loisette. Well, better so. What could she say?

I often look back now on my sojourn in that black, miserable, raw colony, ice-bound for half the year, sun-scorched for a few weeks, with something like a shudder.

The great cold staring barrack of a Government House, with its flat unshaded gardens; the unpicturesque village that was the seat of government, and prided itself accordingly; the country that was nothing but dense forest, bare clearing, studded with blackened stumps or quaking morass! The interminable winter, white, still, silent, fettered with a frost that was unrelenting as death, that chilled the blood and nipped the flesh into blains, and checked the current of life in the veins of childhood, of age, and of all tender beings!

Oh, the desolation of those winter forests! No tongue can tell it! No breeze, no voice of bird, no rustle of leaf, no color: a broad white floor, a hard blue roof, black stiff iron trees standing up motionless and stark. All so like my life in desolateness! only this nature felt no pain!

I staid there till the sickly, tardy spring, often driven back by fresh snow-falls, came to loosen the spell that winter had laid on the suffering land, and then I resolved to bear it no longer, and, come what might, to return to England, and learn tidings of Loisette. It seemed to me that any thing would be more endurable than this dead silence regarding her.

So I turned my back on New Brunswick for evermore, and reached England in March; March, wild and gusty, but at least alive with birds singing, and grass and buds upshooting in field and hedgerow.

I went at once into Hertfordshire. I dared not go to Mrs. Hamilton's; I dared not ask any thing about the family, lest I should learn what I had come there to know.

I wandered about among the lanes where we used to wander, hoping, dreading, longing, oh, how intensely! At last I came upon Loisette and her sister. I did not meet them, but a turn of the road brought me in sight of them, walking slowly before me.

I hastened my steps: I *must* see her once more, must look into her eyes, must hear the tones of her voice, let the cost be what it would.

As I approached she turned with a start, a look half expectant, half alarmed; she felt who was coming, and the blood rushed over face and neck and brow. Mrs. Hamilton, following her sister's movement, was the first to speak; she came forward, both hands extended, with joyous welcome; then Loisette greeted me with shy kindness, passed to the other side of her sister, and walked on silently: while Mrs. Hamilton questioned me as to my travels, my movements, my plans.

"You'll come and see us, you will promise? I know you are a man of your word, and that if you promise you will keep your word. Come and dine to-morrow, will you?"

I promised. I could not be more miserable than I was, and I must learn all I wanted to know. But I would not go to dinner; I remembered too well the last time I had dined there, so I said I would go in the morning.

When I entered the drawing-room what a rush of memories at sight of the familiar place, of the two women sitting by the fire as they had a year ago—all but I, apparently unchanged!

I know not how it all came about, but in a few minutes I found myself making one in the circle as of old. I could not speak. Loisette was silent. Mrs. Hamilton talked for us all.

Presently she glanced at the clock on the mantle-piece. "Three already. You *must* excuse me. Dear! I shall barely be in time to meet Mrs. L. at the station. You won't go, or I shall think you are offended. When shall we see you again? Settle it with Loisette. Good-by. No, *à revoir*!" And she was gone, and Loisette and I were sitting side by side, silent.

Loisette was sitting, very pale and calm, looking into the fire.

"Loisette!"

She gave an almost imperceptible start, her color rose slightly, and she turned her eyes on me for a moment—I could not tell whether in reproach or mere surprise—and then resumed her gaze on the fire.

"Miss Vane—are you still Miss Vane?"

"Yes."

"When—how long—?" I could not find words in which to put the question.

"When am I going to be married? you would ask," she said, with a calm that was almost rigid. "I am not going to be married. I have been jilted."

"*You* jilted, Loisette!"

"Do you pity me? Don't. I am glad of it; glad, at least, to be free; glad that I have nothing to blame myself for in obtaining my freedom. Long before I gained it I felt we had made a mistake, and while I was thinking of how I might suggest the idea to—to him, he cut the knot by marrying a half-caste damsel with several lacks of rupees. Though what sort of a fortune that may be I have not the faintest conception." A faint gleam of the old, sweet archness came across her face.

I bent forward, looking with all my heart in my eyes on the soft, half-averted profile, watching the conscious blood rising slowly. I laid my hand on the little, cold, rigidly-clasped hands; I felt them relaxing; gently my arm wound itself round her waist; her head dropped on my shoulder, nestled there, and was still.

So we sat until the pony-carriage stopped at the gate. Mrs. Hamilton came in in a somewhat demonstrative manner. She glanced at Loisette, then at me, and understood it all.

"So you bore my absence with what equanimity you might!" she said, lifting her bright face to mine with a world of congratulation in her eyes. "*Now* you'll stay to dinner."

Loisette turned and fled.

"God bless you, you dear woman!" I said. "I never expected to be so glad to get rid of you as I was an hour ago."

"And God bless *you!* It was *you* I wanted for a brother all along. I always hated the notion of Loisette marrying that man. Poor child, she did not know her own heart, and was persuaded into accepting him! If she had listened to me she would have thrown him over long ago; but she was too conscientious while she thought he loved her. Perhaps it's better as it is? I will tell you something. She knows there is no mistake this time."

THE PNEUMATIC RAILWAY.

On our first page we give an illustration of the model of Mr. NEEDHAM'S Pneumatic Railway which is on exhibition at the American Institute, and which is attracting great attention from the thousands who visit the Fair. This invention is one of great value and importance, and it is impossible to imagine the extent of the revolution which it may yet produce in passenger transportation in our great cities.

This invention is really only an improvement on the Pneumatic Railway which has been in successful use for some years in London for the conveyance of parcels; and it demonstrates the practicability of conveying passengers in a tube with speed, safety, and comfort. When it is known that two tubes, seven feet in diameter, can be laid for about $50,000 per mile, and that once laid the cost of operating it is less than that of a horse railroad, it will attract the attention of capitalists.

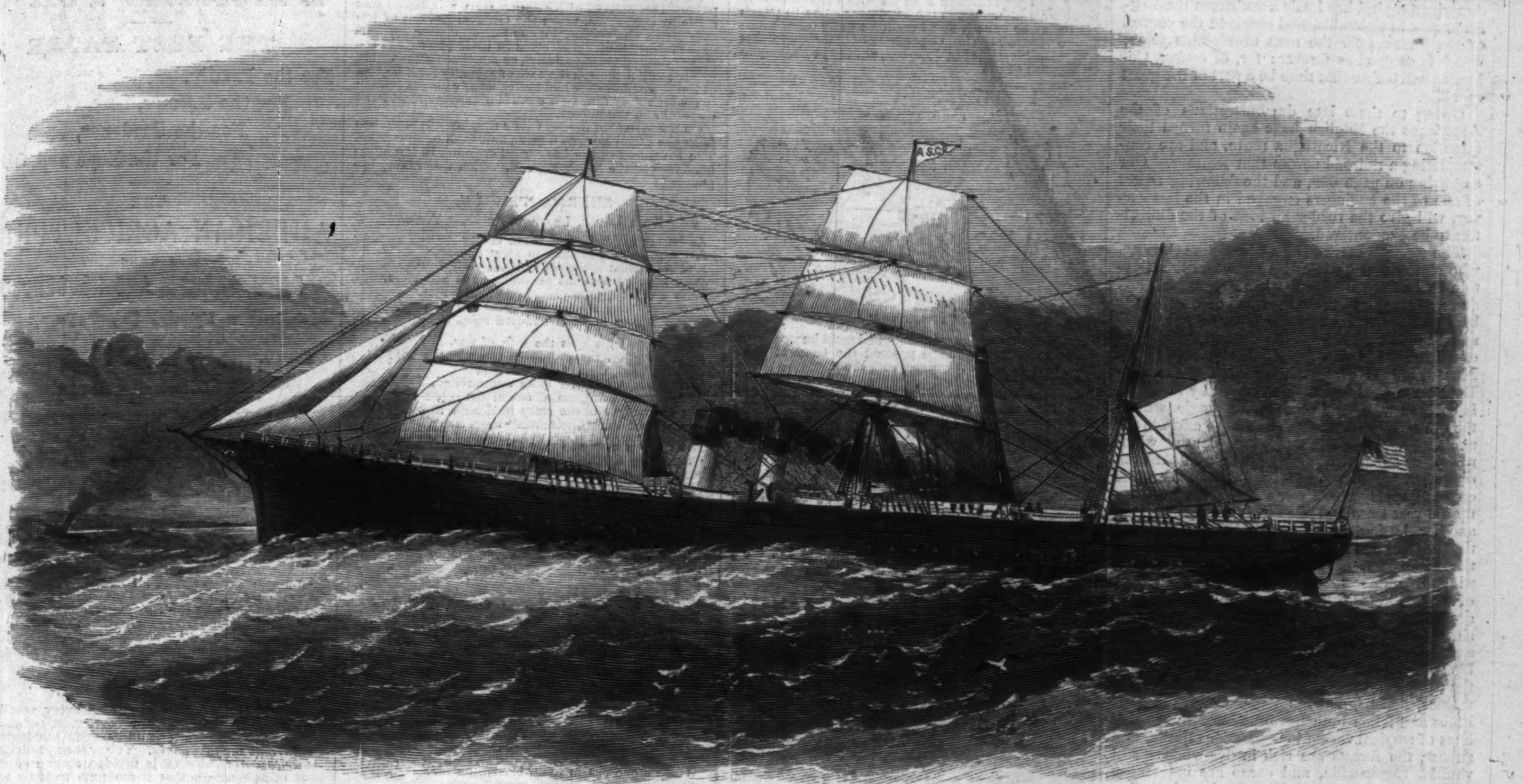
The principle of propulsion in Mr. NEEDHAM'S invention differs from that of the London or Rammel invention in that while the latter only *drives* the car by the force of air compressed and blown into the tube, the former also *draws* it by the power of suction. While one engine fans the air in at one end another sucks it out at the other; and thus the car is at once propelled and drawn with great velocity through the tube. This is the great power, and will act for great distances; and when the resistance is removed from the front the propelling force is proportionally increased in the rear.

SHERIDAN'S RECEPTION.

We have before alluded to the reception of General SHERIDAN in this city on October 1. We give in this issue of the *Weekly* an illustration of the scene in Union Square on the night of his reception by the Union League Club of New York. The reception by the League Club was the chief ovation to SHERIDAN while in New York, and was as enthusiastic as it could well be. The League House was handsomely decorated, the main hall being festooned with flags and banners. On one of the latter the name of the Club was inscribed, and on another "Unconditional Loyalty." Fronting the staircase was the banner "Shenandoah," and above this a bust of Washington, on each side of which was an American flag. The dome over the staircase was filled with small banners, on which were the inscriptions: "New Orleans," "Winchester," "Strasburg," "Five Forks," "Petersburg," "Mission Ridge," and other well-known battle-fields. The windows of the Club and of the adjoining building were brilliantly illuminated, and a calcium light on the balcony, and one from the opposite side of the street, lit up the faces of the unusually patient crowd who waited for a passing peep at the hero.

The reception ceremonies consisted of a speech and its response, a grand banquet, a serenade, and a parade of the militia and a Division of the Grand Army of the Republic.

SURVEYING IN CENTRAL AMERICA FOR A RAILROAD ACROSS THE ISTHMUS OF NICARAGUA—FLOATING DOWN THE RAMA ON A RAFT.—[SEE PAGE 669.]



THE STEAM-SHIP "ONTARIO," OF THE NEW BOSTON AND LIVERPOOL LINE.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY J. W. BLACK, BOSTON.]

THE AMERICAN TRANSATLANTIC STEAMSHIP "ONTARIO."

ABOUT three years ago the Boston Board of Trade appointed a special committee to consider and report upon the causes which have within the last ten years given the supremacy in, and almost the monopoly of, transatlantic steam commerce to Great Britain; and particularly to take the necessary steps, if judged expedient, to organize a new line, under the American flag, to ply between Boston and Liverpool. The Hon. EDWARD S. TOBEY, who had had long and successful experience in steam upon the principal coastwise routes, was appointed chairman. As the result of the deliberations of this committee the American Steamship Company was organized, under a charter granted by the Legislature of Massachusetts, and of which Mr. TOBEY was elected President, and Chairman of the Building Committee.

The Company determined to build first-class vessels, of large size and capacity, and of good speed, and to be propelled by the screw, in accordance with what has been ascertained to be the most safe, speedy, and economical method of navigating the North Atlantic. The contracts were made with as little delay as possible for two vessels with which to commence—the *Ontario* and the *Erie*—in the hope and expectation that the means requisite for the construction of two more will be provided as soon as these shall have demonstrated their capabilities. The *Ontario* has just made the pioneer trip to Liverpool and back again, and she has more than fulfilled all the expectations of the Company in reference to her. She accomplished the run from Queenstown to Boston in ten days, under circumstances less favorable than the average of wind and weather for making a quick passage. She is of about the same size and class as the *China* and *Cuba*, of the Cunard line, the *Ville de Paris*, of the French line, and the *City of Paris* and *City of London*, of the Inman line; all of which are favorite steamships in the European and American transit service. Her commander is Captain FRANKLIN HALLET, who has sailed for many years between New York and Liverpool, and who has achieved high reputation. Boston is entitled to no little commendation for the endeavor she is thus making to renew the position which the mercantile marine of the United States formerly held upon the Atlantic, and which at one time it seemed as though we never could recover, particularly as our Government has yet rendered no assistance or encouragement in the work. The Cunard and the French lines have been made what they are by the liberal subsidies of the Governments whose flags they bear.

We subjoin a description of the *Ontario*, a representation of which we lay before our readers to-day, taken from the Liverpool *Post*, preferring to give the impressions of critics abroad, to what might seem to be the too partial judgment of any of our own countrymen, in reference to work of American artisans and to the plans of American merchants. "The *Ontario* is a large and remarkably handsome vessel, being three hundred and fifty feet in length over all; she is forty-four feet in moulded width of beam, and is twenty-nine feet deep in the hold from the main deck; and she is of three thousand tons register. Her lines are remarkably fine, and, without any leanness, she has a very fine cut-water, and a clear and clean run aft, her general appearance being eminently suggestive of great buoyancy and a high rate of speed. The ship is divided into five water-tight compartments by four strong bulk-heads, those inclosing the engine space being of iron, and all strongly framed, and, like the hull of the ship, diagonally braced. This admirably-built vessel having been specially designed for the passenger trade has been constructed and fitted up with the most thorough consideration for the convenience and comfort of passengers."

THE OTTAWA REGATTA.

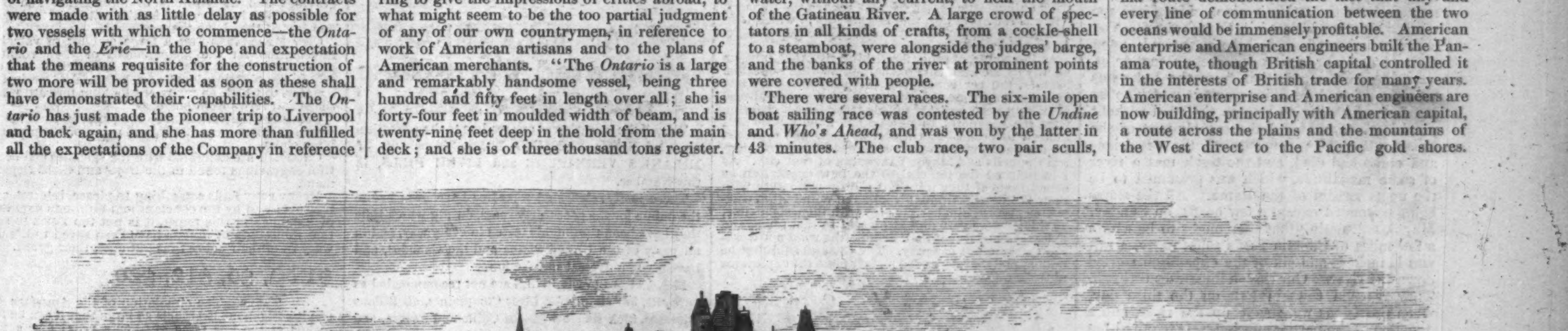
OUR Canadian friends are engaging with the same animation as ourselves in all the outdoor sports, and though they do not affect our "National Game," as we have dignified "base ball," they are fond of boating, and have lately had at Ottawa an amateur regatta of more than usual brilliancy and success. It came off on the Ottawa River on September 26, the course being from opposite the Rideau Canal Locks through deep water, without any current, to near the mouth of the Gatineau River. A large crowd of spectators in all kinds of crafts, from a cockle-shell to a steamboat, were alongside the judges' barge, and the banks of the river at prominent points were covered with people.

There were several races. The six-mile open boat sailing race was contested by the *Undine* and *Who's Ahead*, and was won by the latter in 43 minutes. The club race, two pair sculls, two miles, was won by the *Tip-Top*—time 18 minutes. The double scull skiff race of two miles, open to all comers, was won by the *Lady Jane*, of Toronto, in 19 minutes and 15 seconds. The race for the championship of Canada was contested by TENNING and LEE, of Hamilton, and was won by the former, but LEE protested that his opponent fouled the buoy and also fouled him in the water. The time was 19 minutes and 45 seconds. Our illustration on this page shows the scene at the moment the contestants in this race passed the new Parliament buildings, which are shown in the centre back-ground of the engraving.

Toward the end of the regatta it was found that the buoy had drifted some distance from its original position, making each match nearly two miles and a half in length. The races were followed, and the regatta ended, by a grand ball.

THE NICARAGUA ROUTE.

A RAILROAD across the Central American Isthmus has been a project which has been urged ever since the great success of the Panama route demonstrated the fact that any and every line of communication between the two oceans would be immensely profitable. American enterprise and American engineers built the Panama route, though British capital controlled it in the interests of British trade for many years. American enterprise and American engineers are now building, principally with American capital, a route across the plains and the mountains of the West direct to the Pacific gold shores.



BOAT REGATTA AT OTTAWA—THE CONTESTANTS PASSING THE PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS.—[SKETCHED BY ALFRED JONES.]

American capital has lately overthrown the British agents in Colombia, and obtained the control of the Panama for the next ninety-nine years, which is as good as forever; for, of course, Colombia will before that time be a part of the great republic.

Owing to these late demonstrations of the Americans the English have again turned their attention to the Nicaragua route, and are contemplating a railroad across that isthmus. Our engraving on page 668, and the following report of one of the engineers engaged in the last survey, will give the reader an idea of the difficulties to be encountered.

The report was made by a Lieutenant Oliver, who stated that he joined a party under a Captain Pim of the British navy in February, 1867, and was employed three months in exploring the banks of the rivers and the lakes of Nicaragua and Managua. Except the shores of the Lake of Nicaragua, and a few small clearings of the Mosquito Indians, near the mouth of the river Rama, the whole country traversed by the party is covered with dense forest and jungle, which, for the greater part, is so close as to exclude the sun's rays. Here and there, indeed, are "windrows," or small oases, as it were, in this solemn obscurity. These are to be found in the more exposed spots, where some hurricane has torn up the vast trees and piled their trunks one upon another, letting in the light from above. The timber trees are magnificent. Among them are the mahogany, eboe, and India-rubber trees, palms of numberless descriptions, and bamboos of several kinds. Their vast limbs and trunks are netted together by tangled lianas and parasites, monkey-ropes, and vines, similar to ropes and cables inextricably confused. An innumerable variety of air-plants, orchids, and ferns cover the trunks and branches; and pendent creepers, mosses, lichens, and fungi make even the dead limbs and fallen branches brilliant with the rich hues of tropical vegetation. Besides timber and rubber, the forests are rich in dye-woods; and vanilla, sarsaparilla, and cacao are indigenous vegetable productions. The density of the forest may be imagined when a mile a day was the utmost rate at which the expedition could cut its way. It often happened that, working hard, the rate did not exceed half a mile a day. The native Caribs are great adepts at cutting through the dense undergrowth, as they use the machete and axe with remarkable skill. The cutting commenced at San Miguelito on February 25. A dépôt was established there, whence provisions were forwarded by mules, horses, and cargo-oxen to the party in the woods. At first no difficulties were met with beyond the want of water, the high price of labor, and the ill-will of the half-bred Spaniards, who placed every possible hindrance in the way. As the cutting advanced, however, the track led through more difficult ground, nowhere exceeding 400 feet elevation. It was a difficult business to keep up the supply of stores required. Many of the oxen and mules died on the way from sheer hard work and bad food. On April 7 murmuring commenced in the camp, and three Spaniards deserted, followed on the 16th by six of the Caribs, reducing the party to the three Europeans, two Caribs, one Creole, and four Nicaraguan Spaniards. Fortunately, two days after, some additional hands arrived; and the whole party started by the Lake and the San Juan River to meet a party under Mr. Collinson, which had started from the Atlantic side. Meantime the cutting went on with spirit, though the force of a great hurricane had piled the huge trunks upon each other so as to make progress a matter of time. All communication from the Lake was now cut off, and desertion was put a stop to by the fear of having to retrace the road without provisions. On May 1 the greater part of the beasts engaged in transporting the provisions and camp had died, and the track met a river of some magnitude, which was presumed to be the upper stream of the Rama. All the stores being expended except a few beans, on Sunday, May 5, calculating that they ought to be within a few miles of Captain Pim's relief party, a raft was launched, and six of the expedition started down the river. Our sketch illustrates this raft. They reached Captain Pim on the third day, when provisions were sent up the river, and a junction of the parties effected. It required but a few days' more work to complete this section of the survey on the Rama station, from which point a former survey had previously been carried by Mr. Collinson.

WINGLETS

FROM OUR "CORRESPONDENT-ON-THE-WING."

Rooms of the Loyal League, New York, *October* 2.

Dear Weekly,—In response to the invitation of a Committee of the members of the Loyal League for me to accompany them to Washington to invite General Sheridan to visit this city I accepted, and rendered them that service, of which, no doubt, they feel thankful. As things stood at the time of the proposal to me "Sheridan was two hundred miles away." We repaired to Washington, however, and calling on the General at Willard's, we were not long in making the arrangements that put a second edition of Sheridan's Ride to press. Getting the General into our carriage, immediately after breakfast, we hurried through the City of Magnificent Distances in true warlike style; paying no attention whatever to the corner apple-stands, we arrived in good condition at the railroad dépôt, where we took the Through Train for New York. Here we were greatly annoyed by finding a deputation of Baltimore Aldermen, who wanted to share some of the honors of the ride, and who had their pockets full of greenbacks, furnished them by their city government. Their entreaties to the General to stop at the Monumental City failed of success. The General, however, in the cars held a levee with the "Monumentals," and asked them about their city, Governor Swann, the "plug-uglies," and other objects of interest, and seemed to be much pleased with the interview. He said he remembered the time when it was not safe for a loyal man to travel through that city; but he thought he could "*go through it.*" [N.B. Nobody seemed to see this joke but your own C. O. W., not even the General himself.]

During the entire trip General Sheridan entered freely into conversation with all who desired to converse with him. When the conductor came to punch his ticket he gave it up as readily as any other man; and in viewing the hole he remarked that "that ticket was something like Mr. Johnson, unfit to be used again on account of the

"PUNCHING."

At this the Loyal Leaguers laughed most immoderately, and the Baltimoreans pressed the General more than ever to stay over night with them.

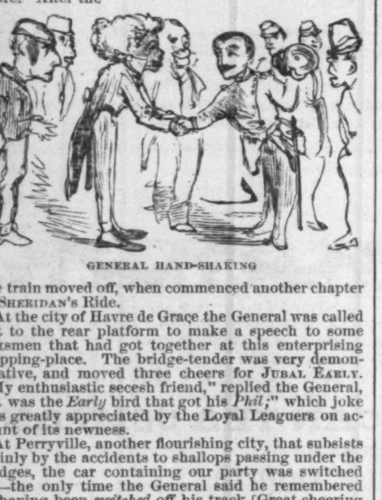
Upon arriving at Baltimore the train was besieged by several thousands of excited men, at the sight of which the General drew his pistols, evidently doubting the nature of the demonstration. The Baltimore Aldermen told him he had nothing to fear, that the city was loyal, and these were shouts of welcome. The cavalry General then put up his "Colts," when the crowd rushed into the car through doors and windows, and down the ventilator holes, to see the great man who had once sent their friends "whirling" through the Valley of the Shenandoah.

The huzzas of the multitude at this time were deafening; so much so that the locomotive signal to draw up into the dépôt was not heeded, and many of them found themselves

IN A SCRAPE

by being scraped off the top of the car on to the heads of the crowd on the ground.

At the President Street dépôt Sheridan was introduced to the people by General Richardson, who moved three cheers for the hero of Five Forks and of New Orleans. Fred Douglas of New York, the hero of Five Points, shook hands with the hero of Five Forks, as did many of the colored residents of Baltimore. After the



GENERAL HAND-SHAKING

the train moved off, when commenced another chapter of Sheridan's Ride.

At the city of Havre de Grace the General was called out to the rear platform to make a speech to some raftsmen that had got together at this enterprising stopping-place. The bridge-tender was very demonstrative, and moved three cheers for Jubal Early. "My enthusiastic secesh friend," replied the General, "it was the *Early* bird that got his *Phil*;" which joke was greatly appreciated by the Loyal Leaguers on account of its newness.

At Perryville, another flourishing city, that subsists mainly by the accidents to shallops passing under the bridges, the car containing our party was switched off—the only time the General said he remembered of having been *switched* off his track [Great cheering from the Leaguers], though he had done a little of it himself to others—and a special train was provided for the party, which was now joined by the Wilmington Councils and Mayor Valentine of that city. As I introduced the General to the new deputation he asked them if they were not a little premature with their *Valentine*. Upon this joke the Wilmington committee pressed him hard to stay with them some time, as things were very dull at present in that town, and more so since Dupont's Powder-Mills were not working to their full capacity. The General said that he understood they depended mainly upon the explosions at these mills to make

THINGS LIVELY

in their city; but he hoped to see the time when all *reports like these* would end only in smoke. With these encouraging words the Wilmington chickens seemed more satisfied. At Claymont, the boundary line of the State, the representatives of the Delaware "hundreds" left us.

Now we were again afflicted by a deputation of Philadelphia City Councils, one of whom made a speech in this style:

"General! I welcome thee to the land of Penn, that apostle of peace of whom the poet has said, 'Thee, Penn, is mightier than the Sword;' and though thee is a soldier, we are a patriotic people, and can appreciate a great soldier. We welcome thee, and hope thee will be pleased with us. Where is thy horse?"

General Sheridan replied, "I thank you kindly; in the corral at Giesboro." On nearing Philadelphia he asked the committee if their Mayor had yet got home from the sea-shore. On being told that he had he seemed more easy.

Passing on rapidly we arrived at Trenton, New Jersey. Here the ovation was on a large scale. It was one formerly used by the railroad company for weighing freight-cars upon, and was capable of holding several tons, but was now out of order. Upon this scale a deputation of Jerseymen stood and extended their hands to the gallant Sheridan. Here the Governor of New Jersey joined us, and our Philadelphian Friends left.

No special interest accumulated around our principal until we arrived at Newark. Here an attempt was made by the crowd, when the General got out of the cars into a chaise, to take the horses out of the harness and hitch up themselves in their place; but the Mayor desired them to desist, as a jackass team would excite more attention than was necessary for the quiet of the town, and they had better let the horses remain in; which they did, to the mutual satisfaction of the General and the horses.

On the arrival at Jersey City a number of gentlemen from the Loyal League met us and took us in charge. The President of the League on crossing in the ferry-boat recited the following ode, which was highly applauded:

SHERIDAN'S RIDE.

By a Loyal Leaguer of New York.

As he lay in his bed at break of day
A waiter came pounding in great dismay,
And frightened the chief, did this early *bore*,
Who kept up with his pounding more and more,
With a terrible thumping, rumble, and roar,
Shouting, "Some gemmen am here at de door,
Who lib more den two hundred miles away."

Wide opened his eyes the man of war,
Saying, "Show the gentlemen down to the bar;"
And then again into bed he rolled,
With feelings of anger quite uncontrolled,
Swearing for being called out in the cold:
For he thought of the sleep he'd have that day,
And wished the "Committee" miles away.

But there is a way in that Capitol town
Of bringing the highest of officials down.
And so they began with the morning light
(They having arrived in the mid of the night),
And said he must come in his everyday plight;
And in their haste they urged the need
Of his shaving and dressing with the greatest speed.
When he stepped on the stairs their hearts were gay,
For they'd soon be with Sheridan miles away.

They into a cab, then into the cars,
The Loyal Leaguers and this "Son of Mars,"
When the train, like a comet's, faster and faster,
Rushed over the ground, risking disaster,
Like a slave running away from his master.
The hearts of the "Leaguers" within the car's walls
Were beating with pride as they thought of the calls
There would be for them to tell of their stay,
As they rode with Sheridan miles away.

Under their feet was the cindery road,
Over their heads the fiery sparks flowed,
As the Capitol's dome was left behind,
Like the half of a melon stripped of its rind;
And the "lokey" a Cyclops, roused in his ire,
With its one eye in front, blazing on fire.
As they left the city with their hearts' desire,
Smoking and joking in the roaring fray,
Sheridan and them well on their way.

Arrived at New York, seen were the groups
Of boot-blacks, policemen, news-boys, and troops,
Which told him at once that he had seen both
The beginning and end; when, with an oath,
He dashed out of the cars, 'mid a storm of huzzas
From the crowd at the Ferry, when the applause
At the sight of the Mayor came to a pause.
Then we brushed off the dust that made him so gray,
Made a place for each Leaguer, to give them full play;
While their dry, dusty throats were trying to say,
"We've brought you Sheridan all the way
From Washington here in a single day."

Hurrah, hurrah, for Sheridan!
Hurrah for us and for our man!
And when his statue is placed on high,
Ours with his will point to the sky.
The Loyal Leaguers in the Temple of Fame,
There with the glorious General's name
Will stand out in letters both bold and bright:
"These are the men that spent a day
In bringing Sheridan on as a sight
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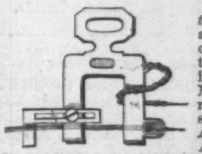

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